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THE STORY OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

BY ANNA B. CHADWICK.

THOUGH a hundred eventful years have passed, Marie Antoinette's fate has still a pathetic charm; and now we look back on her with tender interest, for she is to us more than a mere queen, more than a passing figure in a nation celebrated for its moods. As a wife and mother, and more than all as a cultured, refined and womanly woman, her history appears to the women of to-day.

"Little Antoinette," as she was called, was the favorite child of Maria Theresa and Emperor Francis I. of Austria. She was born at Vienna November 2, 1755, the day of the great earthquake at Lisbon; but her earlier years were passed chiefly at Schönbrunn in simple country pleasures, the child's garden there being the precursor of the gardens at Trianon. A considerable part of her time as she grew older was devoted to study, her masters being from among the most learned men of the country.

As she was early destined to be the bride of the French dauphin, part of

her education was under the tutorship of French masters.

In April, 1770, the French ambassador preferred a formal request for the hand of the archduchess, and after ten days spent in festivities the bride of fifteen left all who had been dear to her.

When she left Vienna the poor people on the streets crowded round her carriage, weeping as they bade her farewell, and followed the *cortège* to the very gates of the city.

In a pavilion on an island in the Rhine near Strasburg she had to divest herself of all her German clothing and array

herself in French clothes brought from Paris. As she passed into the salon where the French party awaited her, an eye-witness says: "It was impossible to refrain from admiring her airy walk; one smile alone won the heart."

The court came out to view the bride as she drew near Compiègne. Quickly she alighted from her coach and sank on her knee in homage to the



MARIE ANTOINETTE.



LOUIS XVI.

king, Louis XV, who raised her at once, with a graceful compliment to her mother: "*Vous étiez déjà de la famille, car votre nien a l'âme de Louis le Grand.*"

Among the family group who awaited her was the Princess Elizabeth, the dauphin's youngest sister, and Princess Lamballe, both of whom were to be so closely associated with her in after-years. The dauphin came with his grandfather to meet her; but beyond that we hear very little of him.

The young couple were married in the chapel at Versailles May 16th. A canopy of cloth of silver was held over their heads by two bishops, and the ceremony was performed by the Primate of France.

Imagination pictures the beautiful young woman, gay and bright, winning all hearts, and yet by the dignity of her bearing reminding all that she was the daughter of the empress-queen. When she made her entry into Paris and dined in state at the Tuileries, the shouts of the people were so vehement that she had to show herself on the balcony facing the garden. "Grand Dieu! what a concourse!" she said, looking at the sea of faces. "Madame," said the old Duc de Brissac, Governor of Paris, "I may tell you without fear of offending the dauphin that they are all lovers!"

Did she think of that gallant speech when once again she looked on a sea of angry faces from the same spot?

The years of her early married life passed on in a gay round of outward pleasure, theater-going, weekly balls, card parties and sledging, which she introduced at Versailles; but with it all she had inward trials and disappointments, cabals in the court and jealousies in the family circle.

On May 10, 1774, Louis XV lay dying of small-pox at Versailles. The young couple were awaiting the end in their own apartments. In the words of Carlyle: "Hark! what sound is that? terrible and absolutely like thunder." It is the rush of the whole court, rushing as in a wager to salute the new sovereigns. Hail to your majesties! The dauphin and dauphiness are king and queen! Overpowered with many emotions, they fall on their knees together and with streaming tears exclaim: "O God! guide us, protect us; we are too young to reign."

Four days later the young queen wrote a letter to her mother full of



THE DAUPHIN.

confidence in the bright future before her. Soon after she became queen the king presented her with the Little Trianon, a villa about a mile from the



SALON OF MARIE ANTOINETTE IN THE PALACE OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

château of Versailles, within the park. The house remains to this day a cheerful, unpretentious abode, with lawns, gardens and winding walks which were the delight of the poor queen. On the outskirts of the garden she constructed the *hameau*, which was her special delight—the rustic farmhouse by the little lake; the miller's house; the dairy, where she loved to make butter; the flower beds, where she worked. She forgot, as she said, when dressed in her muslin gown and straw hat, that she was a queen, and made coffee for the king as if they were country folks. Here and in these innocent pursuits detraction followed her. She was called "the Austrian" in contempt.

In the year 1778 a little daughter was born to her—the Madame Royale of history. In October, 1781, a prince was at last born, and the whole nation rejoiced with the glad father and mother. All the trades of Paris came out to Versailles in procession.

The dauphin began to show signs of delicacy, so it was with great thankfulness that the king and queen hailed the birth of another son in 1785. The proud father took him in his arms, calling him the "little Norman," and created him Duc de Normandie, saying the name alone would bring him happiness—dreaming not that few if any kings' sons would have such a miserable fate.

It was about this time that the affair of the diamond necklace took place, and though it was found that the handwriting and even the appearance of the queen had been counterfeited, still some remained who were only too willing to believe evil of the queen; and at the head of this party was the wicked Duc d'Orleans.

The dauphin steadily declined in health, but the Duc de Normandie grew and flourished. And it is amusing the account his mother gives of him in a letter to her brother, the em-

peror: "He has all his elder brother wants; he is a true peasant's child, tall, stout and ruddy."

In the long procession of events which began with the summons of the States-General to Versailles in 1789 and ended with the Conciergerie and the guillotine in 1793, only a few traits of the queen as wife and mother can be noted here. On May 4th the States-General met, and on June 4th, in the midst of stormy scenes, the little dauphin died. In July came the storming of the Bastile, and on July 17th Louis XVI drove into Paris with a very slender escort determined to pacify the people. We are told that Marie Antoinette sat with her children shut up in her own room. She shed no tear, but a sob broke from her now and again, with the words, "They will never let him return."

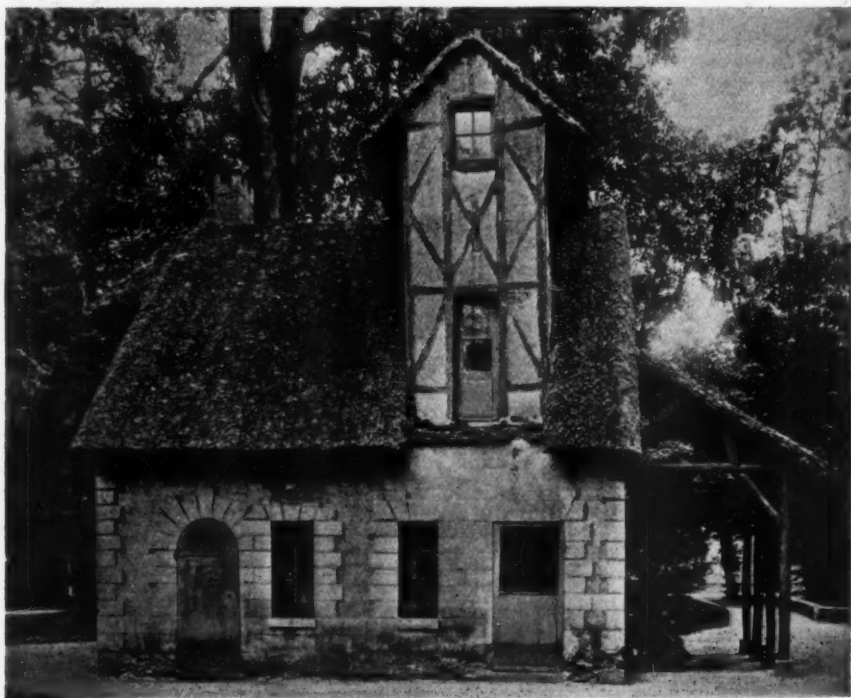
He returned only to fresh trials and indignities. In September they were

warned that the mob would attack Versailles, but so little did they think it possible that when the Duc de Chinon—who, disguised as an artisan, left Paris with the mob, but got to Versailles some time before them—reached the palace he found that the king was hunting, while the queen was working in her garden at Trianon. Messengers were sent in hot haste, and we can picture the queen hurrying away from her garden, little thinking she would never return.

When the savage mob shouted for her, more like wild beasts than human beings, she took her children, one in each hand, and stepped quietly out on the balcony.

"No children!" was the savage yell which greeted them.

Leading them back into the room, she returned alone and stood with arms closed and eyes looking heavenward, expecting instant death; but her



MARIE ANTOINETTE'S DAIRY AT TRIANON.



MARIE ANTOINETTE IN THE CONCIERGERIE.

From the painting by C. L. Müller.

very fearlessness disarmed the mob, who brandished pikes with the heads of the slain body-guard and shouted they would have plenty of bread, as they were bringing the baker, the bakeress and the baker's son with them.

In their varying fortunes at the Tuileries, how many glimpses of her we get! watching the dauphin playing in the gardens, feeding ducks in the pond, teaching Madame Royale, walking with the king or riding with the Princess Elizabeth—though always guarded—in the Bois de Boulogne. For years past her character had been strengthening; she set the example of

her mother ever before her, and there was much truth in the saying of Mirabeau, "The only man about the king is his wife."

How great her presence of mind was was shown in many details of their journey to Varennes. Count Fersen drove them through the streets of Paris to the Porte St. Martin, where they were transferred to a *berline* which was waiting for them. Every one knows the sad story of a hundred miles without any sign of pursuit; then the uniforms of Bouillé's soldiers appearing at Chalons, and the queen's fervent exclamation, "Thank God! we are saved." Drouet's recognition of the king from

a stamp at St. Menehould, and the stoppage of the party at Varennes about eleven at night, when Bouillé's troops were actually waiting at the other end of the town. If the king had not put his head out of the window, which he would do in spite of all warnings—if young Bouillé, who was in command, had sat up all night—if the troops had been at the nearer instead of the further end of the town, who can say how matters might have turned?

For this once only did the queen's courage and spirits fail. She wept incessantly, beseeching the grocer's wife in whose house they spent the night to have pity on her children; and when she saw there was no hope, she sat gazing on the two sleeping children with the calmness of despair.

They were carried back to Paris, where they found themselves really prisoners at the Tuileries, sentinels being placed in the galleries and gardens, and even at the door of the queen's bedroom. No wonder she writes at this time: "It takes more courage to support my condition than to fight a pitched battle." Insults and menaces; and when they went to the opera and the royalists shouted, "*Vive le roi! vive la reine!*" the greater part of the house rose, shouting, "No master! no queen!" Yet at other times the fickle people cheered them to the echo. "It is a queer nation this of ours," wrote Princess Elizabeth; "but it has its charming moments."

As the months passed, the queen, though brave outwardly, often found relief in tears when alone with her children. One day the dauphin was reading a book in which he came upon the expression "happy as a queen." "That is odd," he said; "for my mother is a queen, and yet she often weeps."

Tippoo Sahib at this time sent an embassy to the king with gifts of Indian stuffs and jewels, which the queen gave away all except some pieces of white muslin, of which we shall hear again.

Then came June 20th, when a mob surrounded the Tuileries, calling

for the heads of "Veto and his wife," which was a new name they had given their victims. This storm blew over. But on August 20th, after hours of terror, Louis was persuaded to leave the Tuileries and throw himself on the protection of the Assembly; and the hapless family left the palace, which only Madame Royale would ever enter again. Marie Antoinette, it is said, paused a moment at the foot of the great staircase. "Fear nothing, Madame," said a kind-hearted Swiss. "I do fear nothing," was her reply as she passed on.

Across the gulf of a century we see them still, a mournful little party, crossing the terrace on foot, the little dauphin, child-like, kicking the dead leaves as he went, and the king remarking, "How early the leaves fall this year!"

From the Assembly they pass to the Tour du Temple; and we see them no more till they come out one by one to die. From Madame Royale's journal we find that she and her aunt shared one dark small room; and in another, not much larger, a little bed was placed for the dauphin beside his mother's. The king's rooms were on a story above. Insulting phrases were written on the very walls of their rooms, while on the king's were painted weapons and instruments of torture. Without proper clothing and food and almost without attendants, watched by guards and spies, ignorant of all that was passing beyond the walls of their prison, still they had a mournful happiness in being together. One day after dinner the king and queen were going to play backgammon, at which they could sometimes exchange a word without being heard by their guards, when cries were heard outside. One of the guards closed the window; another insisted the queen should come and look out. It was the head of Madame Lamballe, which the ruffians had cut off and forced a poor hairdresser to dress as if in life. The sight seemed to turn the queen to stone.

Soon came Louis' sentence of death and their last interview. Through the

glass doors the guard watched them: there sat the king, the dauphin standing beside him, Madame Royale kneeling at his knee, the queen leaning on his shoulder, Madame Elizabeth behind in silent anguish. He tears himself away, but says he will see them next morning. All night the queen lies shuddering, and when morning comes the roll of the drums tells her that he is gone.

A little longer, and then her son was taken from her. One night he lay asleep; a shawl was hung before his eyes, to shield them from the light by which the queen was mending her clothes; a band of commissioners burst in and snatched him from her. Happily, she never knew the fate of the beautiful boy she loved so tenderly. A month after, in the dead of night, she herself was carried off to the Conciergerie, where the cell she occupied is still shown. As she passed through the doorway she struck her head. One of the men asked if she had hurt herself. Her answer was: "Nothing can hurt me now."

Those who wished to see her could pass through her cell, where she sat as in a stupor, on an old chair, in a dress which had once been white.

On October 13th came the trial of the "Widow Capet." Clad in white muslin, with a muslin fichu, part of Tippoo Sahib's present, her gray hair drawn simply back and knotted loosely behind her head—never had she looked more queenly. The trial lasted night and day till the early morning of October 16th, when sentence of death was pronounced. She was led from the court to the condemned cell at five in the morning, and her only request was for writing materials. She then wrote the touching letter to Madame Elizabeth which may still be seen in the Archives Nationale in Paris. When this last duty was done she threw herself on the pallet-bed and slept till the executioner called her at seven. She was taken on a common cart, with hands bound, seated on a plank beside the executioner, to the Place de la Révolution. She heeded not the jeers and execrations which followed her on her long, slow progress through streets filled with people whose idol she had been. One sad glance she cast at the Tuileries and then mounted the scaffold. As she did so she trod on the executioner's foot. "Pardon me, sir," she said, and then, "Make haste;" and in a moment all was over.



THE LONG NIGHT.

BY H. K. FORESTER.

WHEN will the birds awake and sing
To a heart that's long since gay?
And will hope come with songs they bring?
When shall this night-gloom pass away?

Ah! night that's long, so long,
Where in thy shade is hidden safe the day?
Where are the joyous birds to break with song
These thoughts which light must send away?

THE TRAINED NURSE.

BY EMMA B. KAUFMAN.

MINISTRATION to the sick is as old an office as human charity, but skilled nursing as a recognized calling, for which a special apprenticeship must be served, is a development of very recent years. The trained nurse to-day may be as efficient in saving life as the physician himself.

Florence Nightingale writing in 1860 said that the elements of nursing were unknown. "Sickness is everywhere," she wrote, "death is everywhere, but hardly anywhere is the training necessary to teach women how to relieve sickness, to delay death. We consider a long education and discipline necessary to train our medical men, but we consider hardly any training at all necessary for our nurses." It is to her that the honor of founding and developing the first training-school for nurses is due. She devoted the £40,000 subscribed by a grateful public for her services to the wounded during the Crimean War to that end.

There was a time, the time that has been made comically familiar to us all by the touch of a great novelist, the time of *Sairy Gamp* and *Betsey Prig*, when nursing was relegated to old women, when tales of wrong medicines and naps were frequent, and when all one thought of looking for was that the person in charge should not be a con-

firmed drunkard. In 1840 it is on record that some doctor wrote: "We always engage them without any character, as no respectable person would undertake so disagreeable an office." He would be surprised to-day could he hear, as I have, large numbers of trained nurses speak of their work as a passion which completely absorbs

them. While about it they give their whole lives to it like nuns in a convent, having neither time nor interest for anything else.

Theoretically professional nursing is invested with a certain tinge of romance. The pretty uniform which to-day is universal, and with various slight differences in the shape of a cap or the stripe of a dress or the length of an apron, the badge of every hospital, appeals to the eye and to the imagination. It is invariably becoming and in its

excessive cleanliness grateful to the glance of the patient. It is always of some light, cool wash material protected by a long white apron and completed with a small muslin cap. It is but a dull fancy that cannot imagine an only son, heir to millions, lying stricken with fever, tossing on a tumbled bed, under the eyes of a fond family too paralyzed with grief and fear to minister properly to his comfort. The romantic imagination assisted with drama and novel will see



AN ENGLISH NURSE.

the inevitable end, the recovery of the heir, the grateful mother, the delighted father and the beautiful nurse who has captivated them all so that love and marriage follow as easily as the pen writes them. But for such as are inclined too strongly to this picture a few months of the to-day indispensable probationary period and preliminary training in a hospital will inevitably dispel it.

In England there prevails a custom which permits women of gentle breeding and fastidious taste to pay a fee which absolves them from the menial labors that are the accompaniment of the early apprenticeship days of their poorer sisters. They may thus avoid scrubbing and dusting and cleaning and step at once to the dressing of wounds and the administering of medicines. But in America there is only one difficult road for all, and I am assured that no amount of money can make the climb a bit easier. Let us inquire, then, into what our hospital training means invariably, no matter what influence may be brought to bear, before one is finally billeted as a nurse proper to be placed in charge of private patients. No reputable physician will engage a nurse who has not had a hospital training, as known or certified by her diploma from some such institution. Almost all the New York hospitals to-day have training-schools attached to them. The first was established at Bellevue, New York, in 1873, when the interest was so slight that there were only 7 girls desirous of entering. Now there are annually over 1,000 applications at this hospital alone.

Having determined to become a trained nurse for some reason or other, chiefly, it is to be hoped, because you have an enthusiasm or, not to be too strong, a predilection for it, your first step will be to write to the superintendent of some training-school. In answer you will be sent a printed circular which will acquaint you with the next stage in your proceedings. You will be required to write a personal letter stating various facts and items about



MANHATTAN HOSPITAL NURSE.

yourself, among them your reasons and motives for desiring the education of a nurse; your previous occupations, if any; your complete freedom from responsibility for two years, if accepted. If your letter proves satisfactory you will receive an application blank, which you will be required to fill out accurately and exactly. It will inquire as to your age, height, weight, health, strength, your educational advantages, your position in life, your references, etc. With this you will also send a letter from a responsible person testifying to your good moral character, and from a physician stating that you are in sound health. You will learn that the most acceptable age for a candidate is from twenty-three to thirty-five, the necessary height at least 5 feet 3 inches, and that all things being equal, women of superior education and culture will be preferred. However, it is a fact that applications from

such are not frequent, possibly because the remuneration of a hospital nurse is so small that it is not apt to attract a large number of capable women. It is, however, no more the work of a delicate devotee than it should be that of an ignorant drudge.

You need not hesitate to apply for admission to a training-school any time during the year, for applicants are received whenever there is a vacancy. If your application blank and personal letter and physician's testimony and morals are all right, you must then be prepared to pass an examination in reading, penmanship, simple arithmetic and English dictation. This amount of education is considered indispensable in order to keep the simple accounts which are necessary, to read aloud well if occasion requires it, to write legibly and to take notes of lectures. Supposing you have also satisfactorily passed the required examination, you are then received on what is known as

probation, during which time you will be boarded and lodged at the expense of the school, but you will receive no other compensation. You will be required to come provided with three or four dresses of light-colored calico, six or eight plain white aprons of a regulation cut, square-heeled boots and plainly marked underclothing.

During your probationary period you will serve under a head nurse and do all sorts of menial labor, because, quite properly, you will be considered fit for nothing else. There has been and is much talk of born nurses, but experience has taught that given adaptability and obedience and a long list of other good traits, trained ones are better, more comforting and less dangerous. Although there are scrub-women in the better hospitals who wash windows and floors, you will find that you, too, need strong arms and willing knees. You will be required to scrub beds with carbolic acid, to dust, to clean, to wash instruments, to fetch and carry, and last but not least to make beds. You will discover that the making of a bed is an art. It will take days, possibly weeks, to learn how to stretch a sheet across the mattress so that there shall be neither a wrinkle in its folds nor the possibility of one, however much the patient may toss and turn in the delirium of fever and pain. You will learn the province of draw sheets and how to remove them with the patient still lying at ease and comfort. You will learn how to make an entire bed, from the difficult undersheet to the less complicated spread, without ever once so much as requiring a visible movement from the sick one. If you are dexterous the onlooker will only see that you roll a mass of snowy muslin and somehow gently thrust it lengthwise beneath your patient; that you then adjust it tightly under the mattress; that you move quickly to the other side and, pulling it through, tuck it in with fingers which seem to carry smoothness in their touch.

Have you ever seen a show bed in a hospital? If you have not, a show bed means one that is not tenanted, but is



AN ENGLISH NURSE.



NEW YORK HOSPITAL NURSE.

ready to be so at any moment. Such a one is a revelation of what a correct eye and a skilled touch can produce. The bedsteads in a careful hospital are all of iron, and the mattresses, when properly manipulated with the bed-clothes, form an even line at the sides and end—mathematically exact they appear as the eye glances down a ward of twelve or fourteen beds.

The regulation time of duty for a probationer, and indeed for all day nurses, is from 7 o'clock in the morning until 7 o'clock in the evening, during which hours she is given a reasonable time for rest, and in between she must study from text-books and prepare for classes. Her duties during this period are varied and, as I have said, for the most part not scientific. She is at the beck and call and

under the command of a head nurse. She takes her first lessons in many things, among them in bathing a patient, and probably they are as hard on the patient as on herself. However, somehow she gets through and learns to expose her charge only bit by bit and to keep everything about her dry except the part intended to be wet.

At the end of one month's trial, if the probation prove satisfactory, she will be accepted as a certificated or staff nurse, or, more simply, as a pupil-nurse, after signing some such agreement as the following:

"I, the undersigned, do hereby agree to remain twenty-three months from date as a pupil of the above-named institution, and promise during that time faithfully to obey the rules

of the school and hospital and to be subordinate to the authorities governing the same."

After the probationary period and as a pupil-nurse, she will be expected to provide herself with the uniform of the school and she will receive a small payment of from \$7 to \$9 per month for the first year and \$11 or \$12 for the second. This sum is allowed for the dress, text-books and other personal expenses of the nurse and is in no way intended as wages, it being considered that the education given and the home provided are fully equivalent for the services rendered.

For a year, then, the pupil-nurse assists in any ward to which she may be assigned. Her course of training includes instruction in the best methods of supplying fresh air; the proper warming and ventilating of sick-rooms; in keeping all utensils perfectly clean; in making accurate observations and reports to physicians; in learning to distinguish between stupor and sleep—in short, it includes anything in medical or surgical work, and she receives her teaching practically from visiting and resident physicians and surgeons at the bedsides of the patients and from the superintendent and head nurse. Theoretical lessons are given through a regular course of lectures, recitations and demonstrations, followed by examinations at stated periods. Massage is included in the course and also light cooking.

In time the pupil-nurse traverses the distance from swaddling-clothes to shrouds, she attends operations with a firm heart and looks upon corpses with unshrinking eyes. Things that may have been at some period of her life horrible and disgusting are now invested with interest and pleasure.

An operation becomes for the most part only a means to vanquish pain, and death only a happy release from it. She can eat and drink with as much relish after laying out a corpse as though she had been assisting at the toilet of some happy belle.

Not long ago at a swell dinner-party where wine flowed generously and

vians were being discussed in quick succession, where laughter rang out merrily and where conversation rippled incessantly, where maidens were in all the glory of delicate fabrics and where young men were busy flattering them with admiring glances and soft speech, in a instant's pause the sweetest, gentlest feminine voice from a pink-cheeked, liquid-eyed blond creature murmured over mushrooms on toast, "I've just been laying out a corpse." The table to a man dropped their forks and to a woman gave a scream of terror.

"Oh," she said, "you don't mind it when you get used to it. It was a nigger, too."

It is needless to add that she belonged to some hospital, that she was a bit mischievous, that she was a bit hardened and that this was her evening off. However, when one is on hospital duty there is not much time for social gayety, and one does not meet many nurses dining out even on the occasions when they have an evening to themselves. They are generally inclined to rest. After twelve hours of work this is but natural; they need plenty of sleep to report in good condition the following morning. The head nurse, to whose position it is the aim of every assistant to attain, is quick to see who is alert and active, and it is her duty to report any delinquency to her superior officer—the superintendent or matron.

The head nurse is in complete charge of her ward or wards and held responsible for their order, cleanliness, etc. She knows the general condition of every patient under her care, knows and understands just what material she has to work with; she carries out the orders of the house physician or surgeon, receives patients, directs her assistants and reports the state of the wards to the matron. This matron or superintendent, who is herself a trained nurse, is vested with supreme authority. She is responsible for the good order and government of the entire establishment; she supervises and instructs the nurses; she keeps their

time and pay-books, satisfies herself that they are performing their duties, and, subject only to the house committee, she may dismiss and suspend them at any time.

If, in spite of the superintendent's lynx-eye, you have passed through your hospital training to the moment of graduation, you receive a diploma, the good wishes of your associates and the recommendation to report annually at the alumni meetings. It is also understood and requested that when on private duty you will continue to wear the uniform of your school. But the uniform and the lessons and the practice and the theory and the diploma will not make you either an ideal nurse nor a successful one. It takes an ideal woman to make an ideal nurse, and ideal women, as we know, are rare. In the make-up of such there should be intelligence, cheerfulness, firmness, amiability, sympathy, discretion, forbearance. There must be patience with the impatient, the possession of a light, delicate hand, a noiseless step, a gentle voice, a quick eye, neatness and a sense of order, the capacity for perfect and blind obedience, great presence of mind, and, to crown all, the ideal nurse will be more ideal if she be actuated by high religious feelings and principles of duty. As against this we know what the other sort may be—an upper maid who considers that her duty, her whole duty, consists in the administering of medicines and the arrangement and order of the sick-room.

However, of whatever kind you are you have received your diploma, you have scraped through, as the saying is, by the skin of your teeth, and then you may excel in those higher qualities

which mean womanliness, or you are an honor pupil and then you may have more brains than temperament. A happy combination is as rare among nurses as elsewhere. In any case you are ready and accounted capable to assume the duties of private nursing. You will find out, if you have not before, that there are over-many nurses



A CANADIAN NURSE.

and that the physicians' lists are full. Your hospital will help you a little, but you can calculate for yourself how many women they must have to look out for, and it is quite in the order of things that you may seem to be a bit neglected. In this dilemma your wisest plan is to turn to a registry. In New York, even if you are a stranger, you may, if properly introduced and in possession of a certified diploma, be-

long to a club, which has been but recently started, known as the Nurses' Club, and which unites social and business interests. It has a reading-room, accommodations for about fourteen members, and a mutual benefit association has been organized for the aid of sick nurses. The advantages of the club are numerous and with time and money they will be greater. It promotes acquaintance, has a large patronage and is in constant communication with the doctors all over the city.

Experience in private nursing proves that it takes all kinds of people to make up the world. There are many houses where you will be subjected to slights and snubs, where you may find your place not quite clearly defined, or where you will be relegated to dining with the servants or before them, but not with the family. In other cases you may be taken into the family and made much of; people will be attentive to you and when the time comes you will dislike to say good-by. You will often find yourself becoming a confidant and you will be called upon to guard many a family skeleton. Every day you will learn that the life you selected is one of self-sacrifice and discomfort. You may at one moment find yourself in a luxurious home, and at the next in some poor place where they have scraped together just enough money to pay for your services. Or again, you may be called to some country village where advantages are scarce and comforts insufficient. If you are out of employment you can scarcely refuse, and if you are interested in your work for the work's sake you will not care to slight the opportunity of any possible case. Nursing, you have long ago learned, is by no means a poetical or sentimental occupation, and yet it may be distinctly an exciting one. No matter how celebrated the physician may be under whom you work, the responsibility of the case is at least half yours, and in some instances it may be wholly so and the life of the patient literally in your hands.

You may find yourself, as a certain nurse did not many months ago, set down in a small country place far removed from the advantages of town civilization. An operation which meant life or death had been performed. The patient still lived, which was enormously to the credit of the surgeon who was standing over him with troubled brows. Presently he called the nurse aside.

"I must return to town," he said. "The patient may live ten minutes, he may live two hours. Are you afraid to remain alone?"

"No," answered the nurse bravely.

"The country doctor will assist you in case of emergency, and if he," with a glance at the bed, "should be alive to-morrow write me and I will send another nurse to share your labors, because all depends upon the faithfulness of his watchers. Shall I inform the family of his chances?"

The nurse hesitated a moment, then she answered:

"No. I prefer to take the risks. When necessity comes I will inform them, and meanwhile it would only excite them and make my work doubly hard."

The doctor agreed, and leaving her in charge he departed for town, to be summoned only in case of need. Two or three times during the night the brave little nurse, alone in her vigil, thought the patient was dying. She pulled him through, however, and morning found him still breathing and a bit stronger. She wrote the facts to the surgeon and added: "Do not send any one to help me. I prefer to shoulder the whole responsibility." And she did. Day after day she watched, night after night she dozed, as she expressed it, always with one eye open, and at the end of a few weeks she bade good-by with a hearty shake of the hand to the man who one gloomy afternoon had been pronounced by one of the greatest surgeons of the day within ten minutes or so of death. Her faithfulness in this case redounded enormously to her credit, and to-day she is one of the most successful nurses in New York.

Such a chance is not rare. It is apt to come to any nurse who is uniformly faithful and conscientious, for the doctor in attendance is always sizing up her qualities and anxious to secure her if they are such as to recommend her to his needs.

As I have mentioned before, in England it is quite the custom for women to pay a fee and enter a hospital for the purpose of acquiring, briefly, sufficient knowledge of nursing to enable them to care for the sick among their friends and families. Small knowledge is apt to be dangerous, and it is perhaps as well that this custom is not in vogue in America, though the quality of faithfulness may in such instances be much more easily typical. A member of the family has the pleasure of looking forward to the society of the patient when restored to health and when the fretfulness and exactions of illness have given place to gratitude and cheerfulness. The professional nurse, on the other hand, is called from one sick person to another, for whom she has no real affection, of

whom she has no previous knowledge, and of whom she loses sight as soon as cured. Across the water they still cling to the pretty title of "Sister" or "Nurse," the conventional "Miss" being completely dropped, and they wear the soft-toned gray dress and the pretty folded Swiss cap of the costume known as the "Nightingale." Their homes, too, are somewhat differently arranged from ours. They are not always—and indeed not usually—connected with the hospitals, but are apart and simply homes from which the hospitals themselves borrow recruits and experts. In America the home usually belongs to the hospital and the better class have comfortable rooms and furnish good plain food.

Many nurses, even after having received their diplomas, prefer to remain on at the hospitals to seeking the uncertainty and responsibility of private nursing, for that the responsibility is greater there is no question. While on hospital duty there is always a house physician who may be summoned at the instant of need, in private nursing



IN THE OPERATING ROOM.

you are compelled to act for yourself in case of emergency, but, on the other hand, there is a much larger money recompense. The fee for private nursing is usually \$25 a week, an amount not to be expected in a hospital unless one occupies a position of trust and importance.

It is estimated that our hospitals turn out hundreds of nurses every year; one constantly hears from patients and doctors that there are but few capable ones. If this is a fact, in view of their advantages of training, it only goes to prove that all women, even all good women, do not make good nurses.

MEMORIES OF THE FARM.

T. VERNON COOKE.

AT the close of the day, when work is over,
 To bask in the clover, still scented and warm,
 The coming of night like a vision seeming,
 To lie thus dreaming on Uncle's farm—
 While the soft c'link, c'link,
 From the stream where cattle drink,
 Mellowed by distance into sounds entrancing;
 And the c'lank, c'lunk, c'lank,
 Muffled by the grasses dank,
 Seem to keep the tuneful echoes gaily dancing.

The march of the cattle, homeward plodding,
 The tall grass nodding a grave good-night;
 The world is still and a peaceful feeling
 Comes o'er me stealing in the hushed twilight.
 Then the c'link, c'lank, c'link,
 As the cows forsake the brink,
 And file the narrow path through deepening shadow,
 Till the loud c'lunk, c'lank,
 Brings the foremost of the rank,
 Gently lowing at the bars that close the meadow.

I open the gates and the cowbells mingle
 With merry jingle far up the hill,
 And past the orchard, through lanes of clover,
 While I linger over the bars until
 The last c'lank, c'lunk
 Has with its echo sunk
 Like a whisper borne upon some breeze astray,
 And, listening still, I think
 I can hear the faintest "c'link"
 Guiding slowly up the hill my homeward way.

GALUSHA WEATHERWAX'S HARVEST.

BY FANNIE FRANCIS.

JEST look at them oats, will ye, mother? They're about ripe now," said Galusha Weatherwax "as he came into the kitchen from a stroll around the farm and tossed a bunch of the golden grain tied with a band of its own straw into his wife's lap for her inspection.

"They're awful heavy an' all down a'ready," he continued, "an' I don't see how I'm ever a-goin' ter harvest 'em all alone with this 'ere lame arm o' mine. Ef Belindy was only a boy instead of a gal, er ef Jeff didn't live so fur he mought be o' some good ter me. But nothin' would do but he must go out West an' settle, an' he don't seem ter keer how I git along eny more."

"Couldn't ye hire somebody, Galusha, ter help ye harvest 'em?" asked Mrs. Weatherwax timidly, shaking the oats softly to and fro in her lap as she rocked in her low rocker.

"No, I don't kno's I could. Help's awful skurse this summer, onless it might be that young feller thet's cuttin' hedge fer Simeon Goodman. He's about done thar now, an' Simeon said last night when I met him up the medder thet he didn't need him eny more arter thet's done. I guess he's a purty smart feller—he worked mighty hard on thet hedge, enyway."

"Why, Galusha, ain't he the son of thet ol' Jobson thet licked ye onct up to 'lection when ye was a-talkin' politics an' a-hurrahin' fer Harrison? I thought ye said ye'd never hev enything more ter do with him er his'n agin."

"Well, I ain't sure it's eny o' his'n," replied Galusha. "I didn't hear his last name, though. Simeon only called him Jode. I ast what his other name was, but he said he didn't know of eny other. Thet's what he called himself an' it was all the name he'd

ever heard fer him. Enyway, I'm not a-goin' ter knock the nose off o' my own face fer the sake o' spilin' it. I've got ter hev a hired man o' some kind, an' I donno of any other one around these parts, except I take him."

"Well, Galusha, I'm 'most afeerd ter hev ye hire him. I'm afeerd he's thet ol' Jobson's son."

"Oh, fudge, mother! Ye're allus a-hatchin' up somethin'. What difference can it make so's we git the oats all harvested up nicely? 'Tain't likely him an' I'll fight. It's only the ol' man I hate so. I uster kind o' like him, though, when we was boys together an' we uster be chums. But he gut ter go to college a year er two an' I didn't, an' he's been awful stuck up an' overbearin' an' meaner'n pisen ever sence. He's allus gettin' in my way, too, eny more—specially in politics. Ef it hadn't a-been fer him I mought o' gut elected fer superviser, an' then I could o' gut thet ar' crooked road straightened thet runs clean acrost the north eighty an' spiles a'most twenty acres o' my best ground. No, mother, I wouldn't hev his son on the place fer enything, ef I knowed it. But I don't think Jode's eny o' his'n. It's mighty queer, though, thet I've never seen his boy, but then he's been away ter school er some'ers this long time."

"But, Galusha, I'm afeerd fer Belindy's sake," said Mrs. Weatherwax, resuming the conversation right where she had dropped it. "Goodness knows she's steady enough a girl, but she's good-lookin' an' all the fellers takes a shine ter her, an' ye know, Galusha, ye'd hate awfully ter hev her marry ol' Jobson's son. Besides, thar's some feller makin' up ter her now. Becky Perkins was in here yesterday

a-teasin' her about somebody fetchin' her home from singin'-school. She wouldn't tell no name, so I couldn't find anything out. I ast Belindy about it after she'd gone home, but she only got awfully red in the face an' said, 'Oh, never mind, ma, it don't amount to enything, enyway,' an' grabbin' her sunbonnet from off the peg she went down ter the back pasture ter fetch the cows."

"Oh, well, mother, don't ye worry about thet. It's nuthin' but a bit o' gals' folderol. 'Tain't likely it's this feller enyway. I'll go right over to Simeon's this afternoon an' hire him at onct an' we'll begin cuttin' oats to-morrer."

Bright and early the next morning, just as the sun peeped over the horizon, Jode, dressed in his best clothes, with his gripsack in his hand, arrived at Galusha Weatherwax's kitchen door. He was ushered in by Belindy, whose cheeks seemed to be a shade or two pinker than usual, and after bidding him a pleasant good-morning, she directed him upstairs to his room. Galusha and his wife had just gone out to the cow-yard to milk. In a few minutes he came down and went out to where they were. Taking the tin pail out of Mrs. Weatherwax's hands he sent her into the house to help her daughter with the breakfast, while he took her place on the milking-stool. And the way the big streams of milk poured into the pail was a caution.

In a few minutes he had finished old Brindle and was standing by the bars holding them open and waiting for Galusha to pass through with his milk.

Galusha said nothing, but he looked sharply at him as he stepped through. He was thinking that he was the queerest hired man he had seen for a long time.

Together they went into the house for breakfast, which passed off quickly, and then both went out to the harvest field, Galusha driving the team, which was hitched to the harvester, and Jode opening the bars and shutting them behind.

Arriving at the field, Galusha drove round and round the piece sickling down the golden grain while the reaper hummed merrily. And Jode shocked it up almost as fast as it was cut down, putting two good cap sheaves, well bent down at the ends, on each shock as he went.

They worked steadily on all day long, with only a short stop in the middle of the forenoon and once in the afternoon to eat a small lunch which Belinda brought out to them, and taking a good drink from the water-jug each time before going to work again. And when at last night came Galusha declared, with a very wide grin on his face, that they had "cut down a rattlin' lot o' the stuff an' he calkulated about two more days would clean it out."

According to his prophecy two more days did finish the oats, but the timothy being ready by this time, with the stacking and threshing closely following, decided Galusha to hire Jode for the rest of the summer. Jode had only been hired to help with the oats harvest, but as Galusha said to his wife one evening when they were alone, just before retiring, "He's the smartest hired man thet's ever been in Scragville Township an' I don't want ter lose him."

Jode did all the milking now, for he said he just loved to milk, and besides it was a scandalous shame for more than one person to go out to milk two cows. He carried it right into the spring-house when he had finished and strained it out of the big strainer pail into the row of shining pans that were ready to receive it. Carrying the milk-pails up to the house to be washed, he would pick up a couple of buckets of swill and take them down to the pigs and then go on to the barn to do the rest of the chores.

So it went on day after day with the work and chores at Galusha Weatherwax's farm. And Galusha seemed to like his hired man first-rate and enjoy his society, too, it would seem, for they were always chatting together on the back porch when the work was done.

But there was one thing about him that Galusha didn't like, and that was that he would not tell anything about his folks or give any name except Jode, which he declared was really his own name. And talk as he would, Galusha could find out nothing more about either him or his folks.

So he made up his mind, though he didn't know why, that he wasn't any of old Jobson's kin and he didn't care who he was so it wasn't any of his.

He smiled pleasantly when he met Jode away from home and took him to church in his buggy on Sunday, and of course he had to sit in the seat with Belinda, for there were but two seats to the buggy and Mrs. Weatherwax always went to church when her husband did.

This did not seem to displease Belinda, who sat very quiet and demure during the drive, with only an occasional flutter of color to her cheeks now and then when her eyes met Jode's. And Jode, strange to say for a fellow that had never been accustomed to attending service very much, was never so happy now as when going to church.

As for Mrs. Weatherwax, she seemed to have entirely forgotten about old Jobson's son, for she never said another word to anybody about him, but went quietly on with her household duties as usual.

Time sped on apace, as it always does on a farm. The soft, dreamy hazes of autumn were beginning to drop down over the hills, giving them a blue far-off look. Already the feathery yellow plumes of the golden-rod were nodding quite thickly along the hedge-rows.

Both Jode and Belinda noticed them as they rode to and from church, where they often went alone now, for Mrs. Weatherwax had been having another bad spell with her asthma, and Galusha always stayed at home with his wife when she was not well enough to go to church. Jode was always kind and gentle to Belinda and she seemed to have lost some of her shyness for him. He always had some

little offering of friendship to give her on Sunday. Sometimes it was an orange and then again a pretty bit of blue ribbon which he had brought home from town, or a cluster of sweet wild flowers that he had gathered in the meadows for her.

Belinda always seemed glad to receive them and her cheeks grew pinker and pinker. Indeed, they were always pink now whenever Jode was near.

Harvest was over and the threshing was all done up nicely. Galusha said very gleefully, while he ran his grimy fingers through his gray hair, that there "hadn't been sech a big turn-out of oats in Scragville Township since Harrison was 'lected." The work that remained to be done now, besides the fall plowing and the cutting up of the corn fodder, was the gathering in of the apples and potatoes and the shucking of the corn which was fast coming on.

Jode was busy with the corn fodder now, and the plowing would be only a matter of small importance with him. They were waiting for rain, and as soon as it came he would hustle that out of the way in no time.

The next Thursday evening there was to be a sociable held by the good brothers and sisters for the benefit of the minister over at the church in the Hollow. That was the church which Galusha and his family attended, but as Mrs. Weatherwax's health was still very poor she could not think of going, so Galusha decided not to go either. But he told Belinda that "she and Jode had better take the bay team an' the buggy an' go over, fer," he said, "some o' the family orter be thar sure, er the minister mightn't like it."

Accordingly, Thursday afternoon, about four o'clock, Belinda came downstairs dressed in her new white muslin with several knots of blue ribbon fluttering about her. She looked as sweet and dainty as a violet as she came into the room, and after kissing her mother good-by she tripped lightly down to the front gate, where Jode was waiting to help her into the buggy. Galusha came out a few minutes later with a

basket of pies and cakes for the sociable and a good-sized can of fresh sweet cream to make ice cream of.

As he was stowing them away under the seat of the buggy he charged Belinda "ter be very sure an' let the minister know that he'd sent 'em, an' he hoped they'd make lots o' money out of 'em."

They drove of at a brisk trot and soon reached the Hollow, but not before Jode had found time to squeeze Belinda's hand two or three times and tell her how sweet and pretty she looked in her new frock.

They had hardly arrived at the Hollow when they were beset by a bevy of the young ladies of the neighborhood to come and help wait on the tables. Both Belinda and Jode were favorites with the young people of the Hollow, and very soon they found themselves busy—Jode making lemonade and serving it out to those who came up to his counter, while Belinda was equally busy with the rest of the girls dishing up ice cream.

Toward the latter end of the evening the grab-bag was carried round by one of the sisters, in which was a goodly number of different-colored bows. Only the gentlemen were allowed a grab in this bag, each paying ten cents a grab and being allowed to draw out but one bow at a time.

Each bow bore a corresponding number to one worn by some lady in the crowd, which he must take up to the table and treat to cream.

Jode paid his ten cents and putting his hand into the bag drew out a bow, the number of which he fondly hoped would correspond to the one worn by Belinda. But when he came to look around for her, she wore no number at all, but was still busy serving out cream. Shortly after he came across an old maid by the name of Sarah Ann Spinney, who wore his number. She was down at the Hollow on a visit and had come to the sociable by chance.

She was a tall, thin, inquisitive woman with sparkling black eyes, and she wore two long gray curls at each side of her face.

Jode knew her at once. She was from his neighborhood and he hated to meet her, for she had a terrible tongue. She would know him in a trice if she saw him, so he passed her by quickly, looking the other way, and threw his bow far out into the grass behind some trees.

The next attraction was some quilts donated by the good sisters, which were to be sold to the highest bidders.

Jode thought he would buy a couple of them if they didn't go too high, for he was thinking very hard of marrying Belinda if she would have him. He hadn't asked her yet, but then he was going to that very night and he felt pretty sure she would. So he bid up lively on an album quilt and a pretty blue star that he thought Belinda would like, and after a few bids had been made Deacon Peppergrass knocked them down to him at two dollars and a half apiece.

Jode was much surprised, for he had not expected to get them so cheap. He was just getting out his wallet to pay for them, when some one touched him on the arm and said in a loud voice:

"Why, Jode Jobson! What on airth be ye ever a-goin' ter do with them quilts? Ye ain't a-goin' ter get married, be ye?"

Jode was nonplussed for the time. He did not know what to say, for the speaker was none other than Sarah Ann Spinney, the old maid from up in his neighborhood, and she had recognized him and called him by name.

He knew that at least a dozen had heard her, and in less than no time Belinda would hear it too. And he had wished to tell her his name himself when the time came. But he managed to hand over the money to Deacon Peppergrass and take his quilts, stammering out the while that he guessed they'd come in handy somewhere.

Shortly after this he hunted up Belinda, hoping that she had not heard old Miss Spinney's garrulous questions, and they started for home.

When they had got well out into the country, where the tall poplars threw their long shadows across the moonlit road, Jode put his arm around Belinda's waist, and drawing her closer to him, he told her how dear she was to him, how he had loved her since their first meeting, and asked her to be his wife. He said he had a little farm over in the next township with a pretty little house on it, and if she had a mind to she might be mistress of it and his heart too.

Belinda said not a word, but looked off across the wide fields to where a dim light shone out from her father's windows, and wondered what he would say when he knew that Jode was old Jobson's son and that he had asked her to marry him. Would he disown her? Perhaps so.

But then her heart told her that she loved Jode and could never be happy again without him.

Jode grew very uneasy waiting for an answer as they drove slowly along the country road, but none came. At last he said, "Don't you care for me, Belinda? I thought you did."

Belinda drew quickly away from his encircling arm and replied, "I care for you, Jode, more than I like to acknowledge, but father would never consent to my marrying your father's son. I heard old Miss Spinney call your full name to-night. But I had learned it before that from a letter which you carelessly left lying on your table upstairs. I saw it when I was tidying up your room, and you must know that my father and your father never do agree. He would never consent to our marriage in the world. Never!"

"But, Belinda, you already know why I did not tell my name. Your father would never have let me work for him if I had. My only excuse, dear, is that I had met and loved you and wanted to win you for my wife. We can't help what our forefathers have done, Belinda. Just say you'll have me and I'll put up with anything from the old man. We won't have to live with him unless he wants us to. We've got a little home of our own."

And Jode put his arm around Belinda's waist and drew her closer to him again.

So they talked on, and before they had reached Galusha's front gate Belinda had accepted Jode and they were to be married the next Sunday but one, consent or no consent. Jode said he'd ask her father about it the very next evening.

He did ask him as they sat on the back porch after supper talking about the fall plowing and the corn-shucking, when there came a lull in the conversation.

He began his request by telling Galusha how he loved his daughter and asked his consent to make her his wife, giving his full name, Jode Ezra Jobson, and ended by remarking that he hoped he would not hold anything against him on his father's account.

Galusha rose up quickly when he heard this and fairly glared at Jode for a minute, while both hands worked convulsively, as if about to grasp him and pitch him off the porch head first. But suddenly remembering that he was a deacon he cooled down a little, and drawing out his pocket-book he handed Jode what money he owed him and a full month's wages in advance, telling him to "git his traps out er thet house quicker'n lightnin', an' ef he didn't he'd thrash the ground with him."

Jode took what money was due him and thanked him for it. But he handed the rest back, saying haughtily that he didn't take money that he hadn't "earnt." And as for his consent, he wasn't at all particular about that either, for they'd decided to get married anyway. As he said this he left the porch and went upstairs to the room he occupied to pack his grip-sack. He came down the back way a few minutes later and went around to the front gate, where he found Belinda waiting for him with a sad little ache in her heart, for she had overheard her father's angry words to Jode and knew that his request had been refused.

"Never mind, Belinda," he said cheerfully as he kissed her good-night in the shadow of the lilacs which grew on either side of the gate. "Meet me

here to-morrow night a little after dark. I'll have the license all ready and we'll go right over to Squire Trigg's and be married before your father knows what we're about."

The next thing that Galusha knew Belinda was nowhere to be found about the house, and neither was her trunk. And everybody but himself seemed to know that she had been married the night before to Jode Jobson up at Squire Trigg's.

Simeon Goodman had seen them in the morning over at the Hollow waiting at the station for the western train. They had said they were married and were going out to Jeff's to spend the honeymoon.

Galusha was mighty mad when he first heard this, but he didn't say a single word to anybody, not even to his wife. And Mrs. Weatherwax was very calm and silent, too, for she seemed to have been expecting what had happened and was reconciled to it. She waited patiently for her husband's anger to cool, never referring in any way to Belinda or Jode, and went on with her household duties as cheerfully as she could, although it was a very hard task for her to accomplish what both she and Belinda had done together. As for Galusha, he had risen early and stayed out late ever since Jode and Belinda had been gone.

At the end of about two weeks one Sunday afternoon he came into the kitchen, and after hanging up his hat behind the door and lighting his pipe sat down in his accustomed chair by the window. Just over the back yard

fence a sea of corn tassels were tossing in the breeze, and the long brown leaves rustled plaintively and seemed to say to him as plainly as could be, "Come and husk us; come and husk us; we are ripe."

He looked out of the window meditatively for a long time and smoked his pipe the while. Suddenly turning to his wife, he said: "Well, mother, it's a right good thing ye're gittin' better agin. I'm mighty glad of it, an' ef yer willin' we'll go out West this fall ter Jeff's an' make 'em a visit. We orter a-went long ago. The young folks is out thar, too—Belinda an' Jode I mean."

"Willin'? Why, of course I am, Galusha! Per'aps the journey'll do me good—who knows?"

"Wal, it's all right then, I guess. I've got Simeon Goodman ter come over here nights an' mornin's fer a week er so to do the chores, an' all ye've got ter do is ter bresh up yer best black dress an' git out thet poke bunnit o' your'n with the hostritch feathers a-wavin' on it an' we'll be off bright an' early Monday mornin'. It's no use a-talkin' eny longer, mother. I've gut ter hev somebody ter help me around here. The corn's a'most ready to shuck now, an' I can't never do it all alone with this 'ere lame arm o' mine. I tell ye what it is, mother, we may es well make the best o' it first es last, an' fetch the young folks hum with us. I don't care a durn ef he is ol' Jobson's son, Belindy's ketched the smartest feller thet's ever been in Scragville Township."



"THAT WIFE OF MINE."

BY CAROLYN LOUISE FINCH.

"Some waltz; some draw: some fathom the abyss
Of metaphysics; others are content
With music; the most moderate shine as wits,
While others have a genius turned for fits."

A GENIUS turned for fits," I mused, closing "Don Juan" and dreamily gazing into the smoldering coals of the grate fire in our cozy little library, where I had been reading all afternoon. "What could Byron mean? Was it common every-day fits?" And instantly flitting before me were the ghastly advertisements so often seen in the daily papers—"I cure fits;" "strictly confidential;" "inclose stamped envelope;" "no cure, no pay," etc., etc., *ad infinitum*. No, that was lack of genius. It might mean—but no, it couldn't be, for Byron didn't know my wife, and was there ever another female created like unto her to whom he could have referred?

Did women in Byron's time turn all their genius into fits for collecting things—manias for curios? Yes, I reflected, that it is—it's merely the nature of 'em and they can't help it, and after all we wouldn't have them any different. Madge is a dear little wife, perverted genius, little idiosyncrasies and all—yes, she's all right; and having settled the momentous questions, I fell into the old trick of having the glowing coals in the grate personate my fancies. That comfort and companionship one can have in a grate fire. Wasn't it Lowell who ridiculed the modern family primly seated around a hole in the floor called a register, breathing the close, hot air of a furnace, instead of the romantic groups and charming attitudes reflected by the rosy light of ye olden fireplace?

Not much poetry in our short life, but Madge and I still cling to our library grate, where we can sit evenings and hand in hand in the firelight tell our innermost thoughts; and wasn't it by

the grate fire at Madge's home that I found courage to ask her that winter to come and make my fireside brighter? But pshaw! what romantic thoughts, and all the fault of these glowing coals. Let me see! that black chunk looks like that big china Newfoundland dog I gave Madge; yes, that snapping coal is the little rat-terrier I brought home as a peace-offering after our first "domestic alternation"—why, here they all are, like Banquo's ghostly procession, for it was for china dogs that my wife had her first genius for fits. It was the first year of our married life, and Madge lived, existed and had her being in the hopes that she would get 1,000 china dogs before our neighbor, Mrs. Holmes, across the street did. And she got them. Many a guest was an honored one who contributed some unusually ugly specimen to the Lares and Penates of our household; many holidays did we spend tramping over the city in and out of dirty pawnshops and close novelty stores.

Still the procession passed—dogs of all colors, sizes, shapes and breeds—pugs, greyhounds, water-spaniels, mongrels, bloodhounds, mastiffs, St. Bernards! I remember what a dime-museum appearance it gave the back parlor with the tables, stands, shelves and brackets covered with china dogs. I supposed as they were considered things of beauty they would be a joy forever, but, alas! the scene changes; the digitigrade mammals disappear and in the coals are dozens of teapots. If one could have delirium tremens for being an habitual tea-drinker, I certainly had "snakes" now in the guise of teapots. Truly dog-days were over and the reign of teapots had be-

gun. They were of gold, silver, ivory, brass, copper, wood, lacquer, bamboo, iron, clay and bronze; they were square, triangular, pentagonal, hexagonal, round, oval, high, wide, narrow, flat and full-bodied; with long, wide, pointed, narrow, short and curling spouts and handles—teapots in the shape of boxes, baskets, bags, tubs, buckets, lanterns, houses, boats, pumpkins, gourds, apples, pears, frogs, turtles, cats, dogs, storks, cows, fish, flowers, men, boys, girls and women.

Although it took 1,000 dogs to satisfy Madge, she only wanted 365 teapots—one for each day in the year. I could see one treasure in the coals—a choice kioto with sprawling figures all over the side, a rough bamboo handle and a beastly grinning visage on top. I remember the day I broke that one: the more Madge cried the harder the imp grinned. A falling coal recalled another one always on exhibition—a short, fat, round old satsuma hopelessly homely. There was this dragon-handled concern her cousin brought her from Canton, with an impossible landscape on it; two from Owans' famous kiln were especially precious, and consequently especially hideous with their gorgeous purple, blue and yellow coloring and cheap-looking gilding; another one, Awata or Bewati or some such name, looked like a floundering life-buoy; next to it was a Hangkow affair—truly a Chinese puzzle. The one I thought quite pretty and dainty was hopelessly common. "Every one had modern satsuma," Madge said.

I remember my wife reading of Madame de Struve's collection of teapots and the idealized goddess she made of her in consequence. She was the Russian Minister's wife at Tokio, and when she left the land of tea-drinkers, Japan, she took with her to St. Petersburg 1,000 teapots, which were the sensation of the city. Grand dukes, princes and statesmen thronged her apartments to gaze on the collection.

She was discussed and envied at all the afternoon teas, for it was so decreed in our town that every time a

new teapot was added to a collection, the fortunate owner must invite her lady friends in to drink tea from it and admire while quotations were given from the poems, legends and fairy tales on teapots, and before their teadazed eyes, from the steaming spouts, wonderful visions of genii, gnomes and sylphs would arise and transform themselves into some new and ugly shape in teapots.

Surely these had come to stay, I thought. Anything that could give such prolonged enjoyment mentally, physically and socially would never be dethroned for any other craze. But no! Ceramics were literally laid away on the shelf, and the dish didn't run away with the spoon, but from it, for some fiend—woe be unto him!—started the souvenir-spoon mania, and by the time 365 teapots were collected they were forgotten, and 100 spoons was the aim in life. Spoons, spoons, spoons was the constant cry! Of course those from the principal cities of the United States were easily obtained and not much valued. The Boston spoon with the cradle of liberty on it, the St. Louis spoon with the bridge in the bowl, the old Fort Dearborn one from Chicago, the World's Fair design, the dozen from New York, the Philadelphia one with the elm-tree handle, were worth nothing; but the Salem Witch spoon, with the old hag after the cat engraved in the bowl, the old *Constitution* spoon her aunt sent her from some little village in New Hampshire, the Sleepy Hollow, Rip Van Winkle, Old Put and the wolf, Headless Horsemen spoons were all treasures.

How many times I have heard Madge reciting the charms of the General Wooster spoon to admiring friends. "Certainly this is a unique and historic souvenir, with the bowl engraved with the very house where General Wooster died, the stem a facsimile of the monument erected to him at Danbury, surmounted by a bust of the noble patriot himself, you see," she would say. Not one of her friends had the Lief Incens coffee spoon

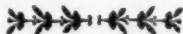
with the gold bowl and twisted handle, and the General Garfield spoon from Cleveland was also a curiosity, with the hero's signature and picture on the handle and the bowl thickly dotted with gold stars and embossed with stripes. But even while I sat picking them out of the fantastic shapes into which the smoldering coals had fallen, all became wild confusion and chaos reigned.

The old witch's cat was gone and she was pursuing Garfield with her broom; Old Put was dancing a jig on the St. Louis bridge; the Headless Horseman was kicking Shakespeare; Rip Van Winkle was making himself a gorgeous coat of the Stars and Stripes; Washington, perched on the Goddess of Liberty, was doffing his three-cornered hat to a motley throng of generals, cats, dogs, statesmen, wolves, sailors, etc., passing in fantastic review before him.

Suddenly they all vanish and only the dying embers are seen, while my wife is perched on my knee, her arms are around my neck, her silvery voice in my ear never sounded sweeter even though in raptures over another spoon.

"Why, Harry, you naughty boy! You have been asleep and let the fire all go out and you are all alone in the dark. We have had the most gorgeous time, and I have the most beautiful new spoon. Where have I been? Why, didn't Jane tell you? I left word with her. Mrs. Holmes gave such a swell 'five o'clock' to her friend Mrs. Colonel James, of Washington, and for souvenirs of the occasion gave us all spoons—such beauties, with chrysanthemum handles (her favorite flower, you know) and the bowl engraved with her initials and the date. Wasn't it sweet of her? And this one makes 99 I have—only one more. Harry, you will get it for me, won't you, dear? And give me a kiss and tell your wife you are glad to have her home again, and then I will jump up and ring for Jane to bring lights and we will have our cozy little tea in here together, and you, my dear, may use my new spoon."

Truly, I thought, this would be a happy world if all women had as much genius turned for such charming fits as Madge—if all men were blessed with a wife like mine.



ANOTHER CHANCE.

BY K. A. PETERS.

MARCH 29th. There was a wretched fog this morning, and the grass was too wet for me to take the short cut when I started for the 7:15 train; so I felt relieved to meet Carrow at the corner. As we turned into Brinton Avenue we heard the whistle of the train at Staynor. He began to run, but I lagged and was several rods behind him when he reached Garvin's stable, where he stumbled over the body of a man lying face downward on the sidewalk.

"Confound the fellow! I'll miss my train!" he muttered, and then added excitedly: "Why, it's Mr. Eppes, and—

my God! he's dead! Bear a hand here and help me carry him into Garvin's!"

Half-way to the house Tim, the coachman, met us.

"Catch hold here!" cried Carrow. "I'm almost beat out!"

Fortunately none of the ladies was downstairs, so we carried Eppes into the library and laid him on the lounge. I immediately offered to go for Dr. Mills.

"Better fetch the coroner, too," suggested Tim, "for the poor gentleman is dead entirely."

"Not so fast, Tim," answered Carrow; "you bring in the brandy and hot

water, while Markham hunts up Dr. Mills. He's pretty cold and stiff, but he's not all gone yet."

Ten minutes later I stood beside the body with Dr. Mills.

"He seems a little warmer, doctor, and he has sighed once or twice. I shouldn't wonder if we could pull him through after all," said Carrow.

Then they all began to work over him. Was I glad or sorry that this lump of clay had a chance—and, mind you, it was only a chance—of rising up again and walking about among his fellows? Walking and talking—ay, there was the rub! Yet God is my witness that I am not so utterly bad as not to feel almost willing to let him live. But one thing was certain: I could not stay in that room any longer, for even if I could control myself and keep quiet until I saw him breathe and open his eyes again, the very walls would shout out the story. Why, already I could hear them whispering it one to the other. I looked at my watch.

"Got to go to the city to-day?" asked Mills.

"Yes."

"Oh, let him go right off," said Carrow. "He's a clerk yet and can't take his time off as he chooses; besides, he don't know as much about it as I do. I found the body—he only helped to carry it into the house and then went for you."

Didn't know as much about it as he did! Good God! I wish I didn't!

"But if we should need to call an inquest?"

"He'll come out as soon as he can get off," answered Carrow, and added aside: "Can't you see how it has knocked him up already? These cigarette smokers never can stand anything."

"It's a clear case of attempted murder," replied Mills, "but the motive wasn't robbery, for both his watch and pocket-book are here all right."

The doctor forgot that the last Friday in the month was building association night and almost every one paid promptly to escape the fine. Why,

that roll of bills in his inner pocket was double my monthly salary and I got it in ten minutes, but I could never do it again, never.

I went to the city by the next train, explained matters as best I could to Mr. Ferris and tried to settle down to work, but found it almost impossible to accomplish anything. Confound those cigarettes! The doctors are right after all: they do knock all a fellow's grit out of him. I'll never smoke another—I may not have a chance. I wish I knew whether they succeeded in bringing Eppes around.

At noon I went around to the office and paid up my life insurance, but I swear before God that I did not take one dollar more from that roll of notes than enough to meet that payment. You see, I would have forfeited the whole thing if I could not have met that payment to-day, and I hadn't another cent in the world to leave to Nellie and the baby if I should happen to drop off as quick as Ivins did last week, or get caught in some smash-up like those five men last Saturday. Oh, there is no use of talking—I just had to take that money.

Of course when I came home that afternoon I found that Eppes was still living, and even if he were still unconscious, his chances of living were increasing every hour that he held on to them. He was such an abstemious old codger. His habits were all so set and regular that he was only like an old piece of machinery after all. And he took such good care of himself that he might have gone living until the day of judgment but for this thing. My chances at the day of judgment will be better if he does pull through. I'll write to Nellie to-night and tell her to stay up at her mother's until I come for her. Poor little girl! it will come dreadful hard on her, I know it will, and my boy—why, even if Eppes does pull through, I would be away from him all the best years of my life and he would be the son of a jail-bird. But it would be worse than that if Eppes died, for then he would be the son of a murderer. I don't care: it must have been

foreordained that I should do the thing, for first I ran behindhand. I could have helped that, I suppose, but I hate to live so close and count every cent that I spend. Then Nellie's mother got sick and I had to send her and the baby up there. It was an extra expense that I really could not afford just then, but then I really could not help doing it, either. Next, as bad luck would have it, when I tried to make a little at poker, I only lost and got further behindhand, and to crown it all, down swooped this notice of the payment due on my life insurance. Then Mr. Lowden asked me to pay his building association dues for him, and when I went there and saw old Eppes with that big roll of notes all ready to stick in his pocket, and he wouldn't lend me the money, although I told him how badly I needed it—I never tried to borrow money before and never knew how mean you felt doing it—well, then the devil entered into me, I suppose, as he did into Judas Iscariot.

Then I went home and saw Jane's long black cloak and old knit hood hanging there in the back entry—and there was no one there to keep me out of it. Nellie and the baby were up at her mother's and I had let Jane go off to see her sister, so I took down the cloak and hood, put them on and went quietly out the back door and around by Garvin's stable to wait for him, for I knew that he would go home that way. And when he came along I slipped out in front of him and laid him out in good scientific style, and then I went for that roll of notes. I was half afraid even then that I had hit him too hard, for he laid so still, but it was too late to do anything then, so there was nothing to do but to leave him lying there and slip back into the house again. I was glad then that I had let Jane go off to see her sister, for I was in no mood to meet anybody that night. But what in thunder am I to do with myself to-night? And to-morrow night? And all the rest of the nights of my life? I think that there must be some mistake about

hell's being hot. I think that it must be just such a cold, dreary, lonely, shivery place as the world is to-night. Do you remember when he says in "The Silver King," "O God, roll back eternity and give me yesterday?" I wonder if God could do it! I wonder if he would do it! He could trust me, I know. But what nonsense I am talking. The days of miracles are past and I must abide by what I have done. I will go over to Horner's and play pool all the evening. It will be warm and bright there and lively too; there will be plenty of people around. Yes, and they will all talk too. Oh, I know how they will talk! I'll go down into the library and read.

March 30th. I met Tim on my way to church this morning.

"And faith," he answered, "the old gentleman is likely to pull through, for all he lay out there in the road like a dead dog all night. They haven't moved him out of the library yet, but if he holds on all right and the weather clears up convaynient loike, they're thinking of moving him to his own house in a few days. But a gloomy ould move it will be for him, for there's no one there but that sour ould housekeeper, and the ould haridan is enough to petrify a well man. Heaven help a sick one—he'd need it sure enough."

"Holding his own"—that's what Dr. Mills said. I wish to goodness that he did hold his own, every cent of it. I'll never touch another dollar of that money. I'll starve first. Yes, I'd let us all starve—Nellie and the baby too. Then perhaps they would take pity on me and bury us all together. I would like that. I would like to stay with them until the day of judgment, anyhow.

March 31st. They are going to move Eppes to-day. Carrow told me so. He has regained consciousness, but he is too weak to talk. Then, too, there is a likelihood of pneumonia setting in. Laying out there on the cold, damp ground is dangerous, even for such a tough old man as Eppes.

April 1st. Eppes still holds on, but

is still too weak to talk. No one says a word about robbery or assault; they seem to think that he stumbled and fell. But just wait until he is well enough to talk: then there will be a different story to tell. But it seems to be the law that if a man lives a certain length of time after he has been hurt you can't hang any one for murdering him, for then it isn't a legal murder. I wonder how long the time is?

April 2d. Got a letter from old Uncle Halsey to-day and he sent me a check for \$150. He met Nellie and the baby up there and took a fancy to little Ned, so it seems. I feel more than ever like the man in "The Silver King." O God! for Nellie's sake, for my boy's sake, for my old mother's sake, roll back eternity to last Friday and give me another chance! When will I ever dare to send for them to come home again? Of course there will be an eternal separation in the next world, but oh if I could only have them a little while longer here and now!

April 3d. Cashed Uncle Halsey's check to-day and made up that roll to its original sum, and now I've just got to find some way of getting it back to Eppes. He still holds on and he still keeps quiet. I wonder if that fall knocked all the sense out of him?

April 4th. No, it didn't. All the town is ringing with the news. Eppes declares that he was assaulted, knocked down and robbed by a woman, and insists upon putting the matter into the hands of private detectives unless the authorities take it up immediately, so I might as well make up my mind to take the consequences. I'd run away in a minute, only no matter where I ran it would be hell all the same.

April 5th. On the train this morning Mr. Dulles asked me to go sit with him to-night when he receives the delinquent dues of the building association for Mr. Eppes. Is God going to forgive me and give me another chance? Is he really going to give me a chance of putting that roll of notes in that desk before any one has proved that they are really missing? Dulles

brought Eppes' keys, and sitting down in that same chair opened the desk. He looked so much like Eppes that I wanted to shriek out and tell all about it, but just then some one out in the street yelled "Fire! fire!" and when Dulles went to the window to look out I stepped up to the desk and slipped the roll of notes under some papers. There! God had given me my other chance after all! Dulles came back to the desk and some people began to straggle into the room. Tim Kelly had just paid up and Dulles reached for the blotter. I held my breath, for I knew what was coming.

"Be jabbers!" ejaculated Tim, "but ye've taken a foine lot of money already this evening. Plenty more's been behindhand this month besides meself."

"No," answered Dulles, looking puzzled.

"Perhaps the ould gentleman left it here from last time," suggested the Irishman.

Dulles nodded and turned back the page to see the amount taken the last Friday evening. It was \$250. Then he counted the money—it was \$250 too.

"That's it, Tim," he said, drawing a long breath. "And all that wonderful old-woman story must have been what he was dreaming about while he lay out there all night in the cold. Well, the doctor was right after all, which is more than I will say for him every time."

Well, it is all over now and I can write for Nellie and the baby to-night. Good God! to think that I ever wanted money that bad!

Of course every one that came in heard the story, but I never said one word about it to any one unless I was cornered with a question. As we were locking up the room Dr. Mills came in.

"Well!" he said. "In all my practice I never knew nor heard of such a case before. When Eppes stuck to that woman story, why, of course I had to believe him, since the money was missing from his pocket where he always put it, but now it appears that he had never put it in there at all."

"No," answered Dulles. "Here it lay under the blotter, where he no doubt placed it to keep it out of sight. Well, come on, let's go around and see the old man. It will ease his mind to hear that the money has been found."

Tim Kelly had been there before us, and Eppes was so excited that the doctor mixed him up a sleeping-dose before leaving him.

"I don't understand it," he kept on repeating in his slow way. "I remember everything so distinctly and yet it never happened."

They tried to soothe him, but it was no use, so the doctor gave him the sleeping-dose and we started to go. As I said good-night he answered eagerly:

"Come and see me, please, to-morrow. I can do that little favor for you just as well as not."

"Thank you all the same," I answered, grasping his trembling hand, "but my uncle sent me a check for a present, so I'm all right now."

"I'm so sorry—no, I didn't mean that; I'm glad that you got the money, but I would have been glad to do it for you myself. I've been lying here and thinking about things, and since I heard that the money had been found I want to do something, you know"—his voice was very weak and husky—"to show God that I'm really thankful to him for sparing my life and giving me another chance."

"I understand," I muttered; "I understand all about that, and I thank you for your offer all the same."

We did not say much on the way home, and now I have come directly to the library, started up a bright fire and written to Nellie. I used to think that it was the end of transgressors that was hard, but now I know that it is the way of transgressors that is hard, too, just as the Bible says it is. Why, the way of transgressors lies straight through hell. I know it, for I have walked there for a whole week.

THE FEMALE STRANGER.

A SKETCH OF FACT AND FANCY.

BY SIGEL ROUSH.

AUTUMN, 1811. They stood mutely admiring the multi-colored foliage as it listlessly stirred in the soft October breeze. For six weeks their good sailing-vessel *Mispah* had plowed the rolling waves of the broad Atlantic, and now, as they peacefully sailed up the placid waters of the Potomac, a subtle joy filled the hearts of these two young people who had braved public opinion and forsaken their native country for the love they bore each other. "Till death do us part" conveyed to them, as they silently viewed the shores of the land which was to be their future habitation, a new and sacred meaning. The ship, a trading-vessel bound for Alexandria, reached port just as the receding sun was sinking in a redolent haze behind

the emblazoned Virginia hills. It was in the days when Alexandria was the fashion, when the people of Washington made weekly trips to this flourishing metropolis to do their shopping, when Washington itself was little more than a desolate waste of unimproved parks and unpaved streets. A few idle loungers on the dock observed a young and well-dressed woman, accompanied by an aristocratic-looking man, hastily step ashore and disappear in the gathering gloom.

Autumn, 1894. My friend Seymore who is engaged in clerical work during the week, is very fond of walking. Last Sunday, as you remember, was a perfect day—one of those soft, dreamy autumnal days when one indulges in

retrospect and reverie more than in the serious, humdrum business of life, when one recalls the many delightful boyhood excursions through the tinted woods in search of nuts, wild grapes and persimmons, when one's better and broader nature asserts itself and, for the time being, all the mean, selfish, narrow, bigoted traits of one's character become less prominent. It was an ideal day for a stroll. After breakfast Seymour and I were basking in the grateful rays of the morning sun on the front steps of our boarding-house, when he handed me a fragrant-smelling cigar and asked me to join him in an aimless ramble. We idly wandered to the wharf, where we boarded the ferryboat for Alexandria. A languorous haze hung sleepily over the picturesque old place and seemed to impregnate the lazy atmosphere with the incense of dead memories. We visited Christ Church and the hotel in which the gallant Colonel Ellsworth was assassinated, among other places of historic interest, when Seymour suggested a walk to the grave of the "female stranger," in a little cemetery near by.

"And who is the female stranger?" I inquired.

"What! do you mean to say you have never heard of the female stranger?"

I admitted my ignorance, when he handed me a fresh cigar, and as we slowly strolled to the cemetery he related to me the following strange story, which is doubtless already familiar to some of my readers.

"My grandfather," said he, "was a resident of Alexandria when that place was one of the leading ports of Virginia. He was, at the time I speak, engaged in the real estate business. One day in the fall of 1811 a well-dressed, distinguished-looking young man, accompanied by a reticent, sweet-faced girl, entered his office and made inquiry concerning a certain furnished house which had been recently placed on his lists by the owner, a retired merchant, who, with his family, was then spending a few years abroad. Making no objections to the terms,

the gentleman, after having seen the house and furniture, paid the first month's rent in advance, saying at the same time that a receipt would not be necessary, after which he immediately left the office. The rent thereafter, as it fell due, was always paid promptly, the tenant each time refusing a receipt. Although extremely polite, he studiously avoided all subjects that were not in any way connected with the business in hand, and could never be induced to even hint at the identity of either himself or his wife. Both maintained the same taciturn reserve toward all with whom in the daily transactions of life it became necessary for them to encounter. They made no social calls and received none. They seldom attended places of worship or amusement. Their servants knew as little of them as did their neighbors. They lived comfortably, but not extravagantly. They kept a carriage and in pleasant weather drove frequently, often consuming a whole day in an extended trip about the surrounding country. Walking was also a favorite pastime, and not infrequently they took rambles far into the adjoining woods and fields. They were seldom separated, and their devotion to each other became a subject of remark. Naturally they attracted a great deal of attention, and the mysterious couple grew to be one of the city's local objects of interest. Of them no one knew more than that they were the sole passengers on board the sailing vessel *Mizpah*, from Liverpool, which hove into port one evening in the fall of 1811. The wife, a surpassingly sweet and beautiful blond, was apparently not more than twenty, while her husband, a fine, muscular fellow of English type, could scarcely have passed his thirtieth birthday. Five years after they had landed the beautiful female stranger was stricken with a fever and after a few weeks' illness died. But here we are at her grave—read."

Leaning over a flat stone I easily made out the following remarkable inscription:

TO THE MEMORY OF A

FEMALE STRANGER,

whose mental sufferings terminated on the

11TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1816,

Aged 23 years and 8 mos.

This stone is placed here by her disconsolate husband, in whose arms she sighed out her last breath and who under God did his utmost even to soothe the cold dead ear of death.

How, loved, how valued once avails thee not,

To whom related or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art and all the proud shall be.

To whom gave all the prophets, witness that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall have remission of sins.—Acts, 10th Chap., 43 Verse.

"Queer, isn't it?" said Seymore as I stood rapt in meditation.

"Deucedly. Well, what became of the alleged husband?"

"Disappeared as mysteriously as he came. Before leaving, however, he deposited with the city authorities a sum of money to be expended in keeping up her grave—you will notice how well it is cared for—and I am told that the original amount, which has been judiciously invested, has remained undisturbed, the interest yielded being sufficient thus far to defray the expenses designated in the endowment."

"And no clew as to the identity of the couple has ever been discovered?"

"Nothing tangible. A great many people believe, however, that he was the son of an English nobleman, whose marriage, if indeed a civil marriage had ever occurred, made it expedient for him to forsake his country and conceal his identity."

"Romantic, by Jove!"

I have a friend in London with whom I occasionally correspond. A few days after my trip to Alexandria I received from him the following letter:

MY DEAR FRIEND:

You will pardon the delay in answering your last, but pressure of business, etc., etc.

I inclose a newspaper clipping which explains itself. By consulting my map, I find the port referred to is on the Potomac River, near Washington. Now I wish to know if there is any foundation for the incident contained in this clipping, as it greatly concerns me in establishing the claims of my client.

From the London Paper.

A new complication has arisen in connection with the Burr-Willis litigation. Barrister Martin, who has all but succeeded in proving Willis to be the rightful heir to the Surry County estate, has been, temporarily at least, checkmated by the appearance of an American claimant to the title and lands. He hails from the State of Virginia and claims that his grandfather was the lost son of the elder Willis, who forfeited his title by eloping with the beautiful young daughter of his father's lodgekeeper. The circumstances of the romance, according to the records, are substantially as follows:

Young Edwir, the old baronet's eldest son, being of an independent turn of mind, refused to marry the daughter of a rich landlord whom his father had selected, and for this act of disobedience was disinherited and driven from home. The beautiful daughter of the old baronet's lodgekeeper, who had by her gentle manner and acts of kindness unconsciously won the love of Edwin, was greatly distressed at the turn affairs had taken, and thinking to undo the harm she had wrought and to bring about a reconciliation between father and son, disappeared one night without leaving any clew as to her whereabouts. In a note which she dispatched to Edwin she urged him to comply with his father's wishes in the matter and to dismiss all thought of her from his mind since the great disparity in their social spheres would make it impossible for them to ever be more to each other than they were at present, and declared that a search for her would be utterly futile. But Edwin refused to be reconciled, and for more than a year he traversed the land far and near in search of his lost sweetheart. Finally, all hope of finding her being abandoned, heart-sick and indifferent, he returned to the old baronet,

where, after consenting to marry the girl of his father's choosing, he was reinstated in his hereditary rights. Great preparations were made for the wedding, and at the time the affair was the subject of much comment. The lodgekeeper's daughter, who had under an assumed name obtained employment in an adjoining city, and who had eluded identification as the lost object of Edwin's love, now hearing of the coming event, and thinking she had undone the mischief she had wrought, decided to return to her old father, who now mourned her as dead. It was on the eve of Edwin's wedding-day when she made her way with beating heart and high-strung nerves in the direction of her father's ivy-covered lodge, but before she had reached the gate whom should she encounter but Edwin himself? The joy of this unexpected meeting was so great to both, their love so overpowering, that then and there, in the somber shades of the gathering gloom, the vow of "till death do us part" was reconsecrated, and they decided to forsake all, friends, parents, title and country, for the love they bore each other. They were traced to Liverpool, where, since they were never heard from again, it was supposed they had shipped for some foreign land. Now this American claimant proposes to show that the fleeing couple came to the State of Virginia, where, in a small river town by the name of Alexandria, his father was born and where his grandparents both died. In proof of his claims he carries affidavits showing that in 1811, the year of the disappearance of Edwin, the eldest, a couple landed in Alexandria from Liverpool, having shipped on the commercial sailing vessel Mizpah. The descriptions tally in every detail with Edwin and the beautiful daughter of the old lodgekeeper. He also deposeth that in a little Virginia cemetery the grave of his grandmother is marked

by a stone bearing a significant inscription.

While he is generally supposed to be an American fraud, yet his claims bear the semblance of truth, and may add a new difficulty to this already prolonged and complicated litigation.

Now it is evident [Martin continues] that I will require the service of an American barrister in the matter. Will you be kind enough, therefore, to place this extract and letter in the hands of a competent Washington attorney, and ask him to investigate the matter thoroughly? Draw on me for costs.

Yours, etc.,

S. S. MARTIN, Barrister,
Temple Court, London, E. C.

I immediately sought out my college classmate, Stetson, who is now an ambitious Washington lawyer and who loves nothing better than to unravel just such a mystery as this. His eyes beamed with interest when I gave him the case, upon which he set to work at once. In due time he had secured depositions and other documentary evidence which proved conclusively the following important facts:

Firstly. That the female stranger and her husband were the lodgekeeper's daughter in question and the aforesaid Edwin.

Secondly. That they never had born to them an heir.

Thirdly. That the American claimant to the title and lands was a well-known fraud.

Fourthly. That the vessel in which the disconsolate husband reëmbarked was lost at sea.



SOME PETS I HAVE KNOWN.

BY URSULA TANNENFORST.

AN Oriental proverb says: "The remembrance of youth is a sigh."

Perhaps—without counting graver woes—the remembrance of the dear four-footed creatures whom we have petted, loved and lost may bring us far deeper sighs than the memory of youth.

In the days when "blue" cats were a comparative rarity the India-rubber store of Thornley & Co., down Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, was the home of a thriving feline colony. In addition to numerous common pussies who used to lie sleeping on top of piles of goods, they were the proud possessors of a genuine Maltese mother and her brood. Well do we remember seeing the salesman open a drawer at the back of the counter and take out one by one a whole litter of "blue" kittens, laying them upon a sheet of India-rubber exactly their own color. Such odd-looking creatures—shaped unlike ordinary kittens, with the distinctive "three-sided file-tail" well known to lovers of their species as an infallible sign—not manual, but caudal—of Maltese blood, and often to be found in remote and common-colored descendants of that royal race. Foremost among our memories of the blue-coated and blue-blooded feline aristocracy stands the image of "Vivacious Victor," who, besides being a four-footed Blondin amusing himself with jumping up and turning round in the air ere he came down, and loving to travel round the whole room on top of the furniture, was endowed with all the virtues and graces which could be packed inside of one small catskin. He made instant conquests of all lovers of animals and won his way into all hearts save those which were absolutely "cat-proof." His fur was a marvel of richness, with sleek cushions like

sealskin behind his fat cheeks. His points would have entitled him to a first prize at a show. He had no faults save in not always coming when called—does not the rhyme tell us:

"The dog will come when he is called;
The cat will walk away."

And—well, it was altogether too good to last; so after delighting us for barely six months, one dreadful day he managed to escape from some open door or window and was never seen again in spite of searches and rewards. Often when mournfully looking upon some aged and decrepit Maltese sent to the "Refuge" to undergo what in circles of the "S. P. C. A." is euphemistically known as being "put to sleep," we have thought it possible that poor Victor in his old age might be found among them, in which case it would have been much too like the immortal meeting of Evangeline with her Gabriel in the hospital! All who have had their pets run away know how infinitely harder that is to bear than seeing them die outright. Death would seem so much more tolerable than this dreadful ignorance of their fate and terror at their falling into cruel hands. *That* is a never-ending pang. We might console ourselves sooner could we know that our runaways found friends and did not need to regret us.

Those were the days of "Pinafore," and Victor's successor was a dignified young tiger called "Sir Joseph Porter." Too often did we quote Josephine's "Sir Joseph is a great and good [cat], but, alas! I cannot love him!" Poor fellow, he wanted to be petted, but the heart still sore with grief for Victor had but little love to bestow upon him, though he was remarkably well behaved, intelligent, and, finding what



door-handles were meant for, always used to stand up and try to turn the knob with his forepaws. He could not succeed. But he did let himself into the kitchen by hanging on to the top of the latch and pulling it down. He was only taken as a stop-gap, and when given away developed a fondness for music, loving to hear his new mistress, a fine performer, play the piano. He had been entered as a subscriber to a charity for animals, and the printer, in making out the report, instead

of recognizing the world-renowned name of "the ruler of the queen's navee" on the list (subscriptions in the name of pets being not uncommon), wisely undertook to set things right by putting him down in the proof as "Dr. Joseph Porter." Alas! in his prime poor Sir Joseph caught the mange and had to be "put to sleep."

His successor was "Pensive Prince," a quiet Maltese whose chief characteristic was a wry neck that made him hold his head always to one side. He

was a native of Malta, brought over by a sea-captain, and after some vicissitudes offered to us for sale. His reign was inaugurated by a series of adventures, occurring about once a fortnight, which, had they lasted, would have worn out both his mistress and himself. He vanished utterly, leaving us disconsolate for a day or two, and was found sleeping on a bed high up in a neighboring warehouse. He ran away again to a store and was brought back. He tumbled out of a third-story window one Sunday morning, dragging down the creeper-vine after him in vain pursuit of a sparrow, and landed on a shed under the second-story windows, where, instead of entering, he giddily undertook to jump across to a further window where some one was calling "Puss," but dropped instead down into the yard, and betook himself to his bed in the cellar in exhaustion. Another Sunday found him missing, and he was discovered late in the day mewing piteously from the depths of a nook under the grating over the basement windows of a store. The huge arm of a gigantic policeman proving entirely too thick to go down between the bars, and even an ordinary female arm being just too large, his remarkably thin mistress exulted in her ability to grasp and hold him, by his "skyward-pointing ear," by which sole point of contact he was speedily "yanked out." He was a solemn-looking creature, yet when pleasantly excited by being well groomed with a "wire brush," he would roll up his eyes, lick his lips and appear to smile just like "Blind Tom" after hearing his own music. Lovers of the feline race do not need to be told that a smile is by no means the exclusive prerogative of a Cheshire cat.*

Taken out of town, he disappeared for many hours and was discovered by accident sitting on a back roof, over

the gutter of which his slanting ear-tips were darkly showing against a red tin background. Unlike the rest of his race, Prince was no climber, probably owing to the accident which had injured his neck or spine in youth. He seemed unable even to walk up the roof to the window whence he had gone out, and had to be rescued by man-power. He was soon attacked by some pugnacious "farm cat," who bit or tore a wound in his "skyward-pointing ear," causing it for weeks to turn back upon itself in a most ludicrous manner and only yielding to applications of domestic massage and cosmoline. He placed himself one night among tie ratters over a garret, where his eyes sparkled through a crevice in a slant like the "pointers" in the Great Bear, keeping two persons busy in vain attempts to dislodge him, and when they retired in disgust gravely meeting them upon the stairs, having quietly slipped out while they were worrying. He was found one evening dripping wet as if he had been ducked, and was believed to have been thrown into a pail of water by a tipsy mortal. He would not associate at all with the "farm cats," and an amusing picture might be made of him as he sat sulkily glowering at some seven hungry felines, of all sizes and colors, who sat in a semicircle round the swill-barrel, hoping that a compassionate biped might come that way to upset the said barrel for their benefit. He was always fed in the kitchen, out of his own dishes, and had no reason for jealousy of the farm cats, save the inherent (shall we say human?) tendency to resent the presence of all beggars and "detrimentals" of any sort. He soon settled down into a fat "town cat," still keeping up small outings into neighboring yards, where he would be found and restored to the address on his collar, often seeming rather vexed at being taken home, like children cut short in a holiday. He would decline being petted, rush down into the cellar, and as his ally, the cook, said "His eyes was jes' furious."

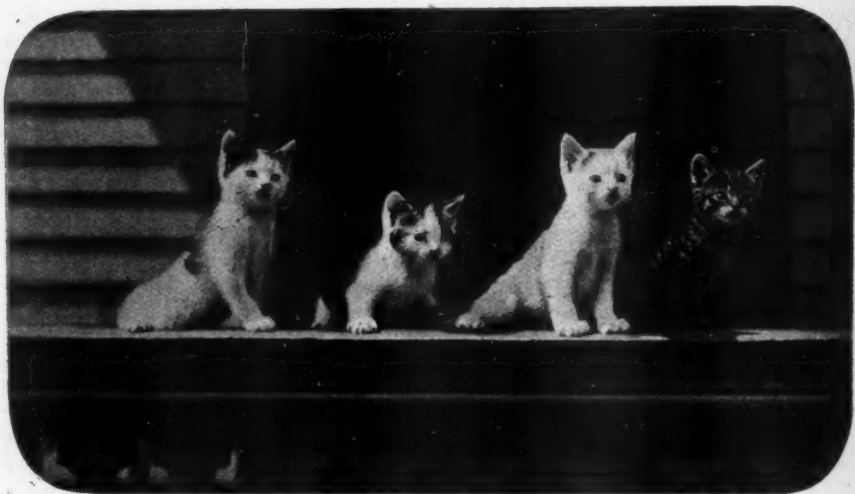
Prince in his old age was pro-

*It may be a novelty to some to hear that lions are almost as fond of catnip as their smaller feline brethren. We have seen them lie down and roll over some dried catnip placed on the floor of the cage with as little dignity and as much enjoyment as the youngest and most playful household puss could show.

nounced a domestic nuisance and his sorrowing mistress placed him at "private boarding," where he remained until disease compelled him to be "put to sleep." Whenever she visited him his mild golden eyes, formerly full of affection, were fixed on her with what novelists call a stony gaze. There was no mistaking his look of indignant remonstrance mingled with scorn. Poor fellow! who could blame him for despising a mortal who, after petting him for nearly seven years, had

had retained his love for his mistress and wanted to try to follow her home.

He had no successor, and memory runs back to earlier years and commoner cats. There was "Leo the Lazy," a fine brindled specimen of what might be termed the "middle-class cat." Unquestionably handsome, he was not quite aristocratic; his huge paws seemed designed for the rat-hunting occupant of a grocery store. When presented with a delicate sprig of fresh catnip he showed his



"ONLY A FEW OF US LEFT."

From life. Copyrighted by F. L. Johnson.

suddenly pounced upon him as he lay settled in an arm-chair for the morning, stuffed him into a linen bag and carried him off to a place where he was abandoned among strangers? If taken up he tried to scratch, growl or bite. As soon as possible he jumped away, running downstairs, out of doors or else under the table, as far away as possible, and deliberately turning his back on his former owner, who, conscience-stricken, found comfort in being told how loudly he purred for his landlady's daughter, as he had done for her in happier days. It was, after all, less heart-rending than if the poor fellow

thanks by sitting up and striking those giant claws into the hand which held the offering. Conscience asserts that his turning out a "stiff" cat, averse to being fondled, was mainly owing to our refusal to allow him to walk freely with those big feet over a fresh page of manuscript. He was by no means the dainty darling that Miss Repplier so charmingly depicts in "Agrippina," who seems entitled to roll at her own sweet will over her mistress' desk. Finding himself not permitted to blot and ruin things, he withdrew into a sulky *hauteur*, only broken by the judicious treatment of his new mistress, who managed somehow to convert him

into an affectionate "limp" pussy, willing to learn tricks and jump on any lap to which he was invited. Perhaps it was because he was only a rather common fellow that his long life ran its course entirely without any of the tragedies which are always occurring to cut short the careers of the creatures we most dearly love.

Alas! the list is long. There was Barker, most gentlemanly and intelligent of Scotch terriers, who knew what was said and whose unaccountable disappearance left such an aching void. There was Jerry, whom his youngest admirers called "such a sweet *kitten of a donkey*," the word *kitten* sounding to them as a manifest term of endearment, applicable to all beloved pets alike. There are memories of pussies who ran away from their warm homes and were seen "revisiting in glimpses of the moon" their deserted front doors, perhaps repenting with such shame of their ingratitude that they would not stay when called and were seen no more. There are the deaths from fits, mange and distemper; the sudden disappearances suggestive of being stolen. A mournful chapter we once read somewhere called "The Fate of Pets." It is true, we heard of a lady in New York who brought up a young lion from his cubhood, training him wholly by kindness, until he

grew so big as to be a terror to her friends, when she sent him to a museum. In an English magazine some years since was a delightful history of a civilian in India who trained up a fine tiger whose life he had saved when a cub, and who, behaving exactly like a noble dog, twice saved the life of his master, the second time at the expense of his own. We know of Robert Browning's pair of gray geese who ran hissing at his visitors in the garden, and remember his friendship with a toad, to say nothing of his amiable weakness for those things generally outside the lines of pethood, namely, snakes! Miss Cobbe says somewhere, regarding the usual conception of heaven, that "a place with music always going on and *no animals to pet*" would be very unsatisfactory for some of us. The Garden of Eden, full of tame creatures, seems more heavenly to many persons, and we often feel inclined to dream that in a future state, after being reunited to our own lost ones, we might be favored with meeting our departed quadrupeds coming to welcome us like the processions of the beasts out of Noah's ark in the pictures, ready to give a true touch of home-like welcome to the strange world beyond the gates with the same warm, gentle lovingness they gave to us in this.



LOST and Found

ELLA HALE McKEE

I wonder where is my baby gone!
The baby I had one day.
I fear some naughty Brownie man
Has stolen it away.
It seems as though but yesternight,
It lay, like a pink seashell,
In yonder nook, on its pillow white,
And toyed with its silver bell.



Oh! what a joyous, frolic some sound,
Was heard from the bath each morn;
And a shower of drops made a rainbow
round

The tiny dimpled form.
And when I laid it down, just so,
As straight as it could be,
From golden curl, to rosy toe,
Just reached across my knee.

And ever at nightfall, Papa dear
Was met with a cry of love
From baby's lips in the cradle here,
Like the cooing of a dove.
Ever two tiny hands upraised
To meet his stronger grasp;
Twas worth the toil of the weary day,
Just to feel their clinging clasp.

But the cradle is empty, and gone from here
To the attic room upstairs;
And I cannot find my baby dear,
Though I've hunted every where
I think I shall call, by the telephone,
The policeman on this beat,
And tell him to search for the Brownie
who stole my baby sweet.



A scrambling down from a hobby horse;
 A clambering on my knee;
 "Oh, mamma," lisps a roughish voice,
 "Here is your baby, see!"



No, surely not, you chatter box elf,
 you talk the whole day through;
 But my dear lost baby's own sweet self
 Just smiled, and said, "goo-goo."
 you wear buff shoes, and a sailor suit,
 And your toys would stock the town;
 My babe wore tiny knitted boots,
 And kicked at its dainty gown.

Could I find it, think you, if I'd try?
 If I'd hunt the city o'er?
 Shall I start right now? Come, kiss goodbye,
 The policeman is at the door.
 A hug, a kiss, a sweet voice pleads,
 ("Tis mamma's pride and joy, -)
 "It is your baby, it is, indeed,"
 Grown into a great, big boy."



WITH LOVE, DOROTHY.

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

DEAR PRISONER I am sorry you have to Be shut up, this Bright day and cant get out Because you were Bad I Hope you are good now I am sure you are Because you send that nice chair to Uncle Will I hope they will let you out soon and you will Be good this time always.

With love, DOROTHY.

There was no date to the letter and no address. The recipient, sitting on the edge of his iron bedstead in cell 42, studied the lines, scrawled obliquely in childish characters across the page, and turned the paper over in a vain attempt to discover some clew to its starting-place. The postmark on the envelope, unfortunately, was so blurred as to be decipherable, save the name of the State, which was plain enough, "Mass." He read the letter again and again until he knew it by heart. He resented the desecration which it had undergone at the hands of the prison officials, who had opened and read it, as they did all the prisoners' letters received or sent.

There was a small shelf in the cell, by special permission, and on it were three or four well-thumbed volumes. After some hesitation, No. 42 (as he was termed in these days) selected one of them and laid the letter carefully between its leaves. It was not a devotional book, but he had instinctively chosen a volume of poetry for this purpose, "Paradise Lost." It was a queer freak in No. 42 to read such books as that; but then he was a queer character anyway—a crank, some of his fellow-prisoners called him, and with reason. For did he not refuse to make his escape one night when there was a sudden fire-alarm and all precautions were of necessity relaxed, while a dozen or more inmates of the grim fortress made a successful dash for liberty? One of the convicts, on

being captured and returned to prison, had seized an opportunity to interview No. 42 regarding this matter. He was working in the shop beside the latter.

"You blamed fool," he muttered, looking straight ahead with motionless lips—prisoners soon learn that trick—"why didn't you cut with the rest of us when you had the chance?"

"I'd rather take my punishment—every day of it."

"What, five years?"

"Yes. It ought to have been more."

What was the use of talking to a man after that? The word went round the shops as if by telephone that 42 was not only a crank, but a dangerous one, to whom no tunneling or bar-sawing secrets could be intrusted.

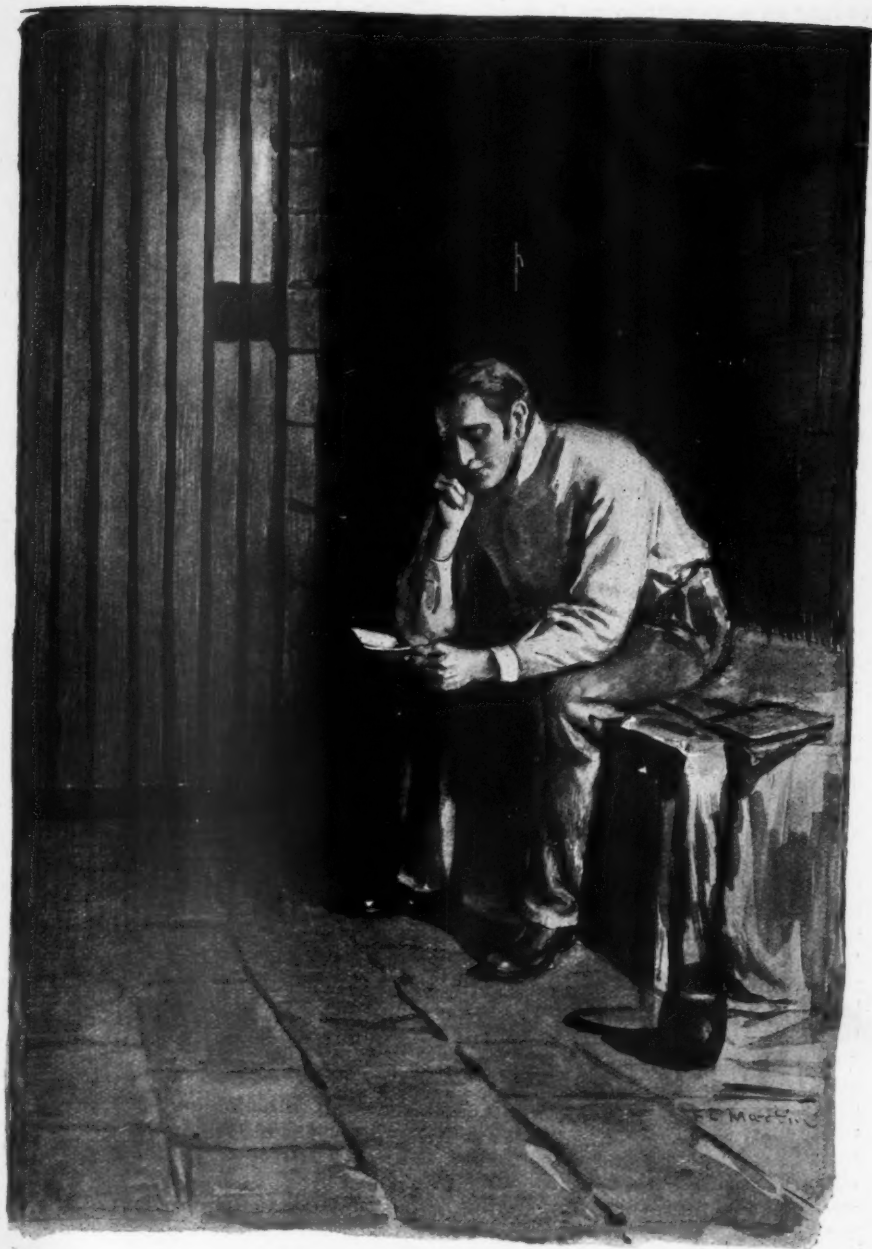
Now they were wrong in that. 42 would have died rather than betray another prisoner's plan for escape.

"With love, Dorothy."

The words kept repeating themselves over and over in his mind that night as he tossed restlessly on his iron cot. He fancied the child standing in the corridor, her little hands grasping the bars of the cell-door, her pitiful face peering into the narrow block of gloom that had been his dwelling-place for nearly four years.

No. 42 had grown hard in these years—not hard against law and justice, but against himself. He had almost welcomed the stern five years' sentence which had followed that terrible night when he quarreled with his friend in their college room, passion mounting higher every moment on both sides until blows were struck, and he found himself standing, revolver in hand, with his friend in a fearful heap on the carpet. One chamber of the revolver was empty.

"Assault with a dangerous weapon," the government had made it, the



HE READ THE LETTER AGAIN AND AGAIN.

district attorney reluctantly consenting to that form of indictment instead of "Intent to kill." The bullet wound was not a dangerous one. The man was as well as ever now, while his assailant trudged to and fro between his cell and the workshops, the yard and the chapel, with fourteen months of imprisonment, less a certain percentage for good behavior, still ahead of him. But he was no longer a young college student, poor, light hearted, though hopeful, buoyant, chivalrous. Though hardly twenty-four, more than one gray hair had mingled with his brown locks of late; and his heart was dull and hard with despairing self-reproach as he looked forward to a freedom which was so only in name—the freedom of a man who must wear the invisible chains, must pace the shadowy cell of a released prisoner all his life.

"With love, Dorothy."

He knew why she had written that letter. A lump came in his throat, and the first tear that had moistened his eye for many a day gathered between his closed lids as he pictured the innocent child seated at the high table writing it, her sunny curls falling all over her shoulders and around her sober little face, full of heavenly pity as she essayed the formidable task. A few months before some charitably disposed person had distributed in the prison a number of so-called "family magazines," one of them falling to the share of No. 42. There was a department in the magazine called "Uncle Will's Arm-Chair," devoted to the interests of little people. Their letters were often printed there, setting forth the names and moral attributes of their pets, their favorite studies and their ambition to see their productions in type. The editor of the department met the children on their own ground, answering their notes in print, with such advice or quaint comment as suggested itself to him, and so these pages seemed like a real family party each month.

The convict had read the naïve communications and, somewhat amused by their trustful confidences and

"Uncle Will's" receipt of them, had occupied his spare moments of late in fashioning a miniature arm-chair from the sides of a cigar box; upholstering and polishing the pretty toy with increasing care as his interest grew in his work, and sending it finally, at Christmas time, to the unknown editor of that department, in care of the magazine.

Uncle Will, himself not a little touched by this pathetic messenger from the "house of dolor," had printed an account of the affair with a description of the little chair; and acting on a sudden impulse, had asked his large family of nephews and nieces what he should do about it. "The prisoner," he said, "had addressed him in a brief note accompanying the gift as Uncle Will. Would they accept him as a cousin? He had doubtless been a wicked man and had been justly sentenced, so they must not be silly about it as if he were a hero or a martyr. He was simply a prisoner serving out a deserved sentence for a crime he had actually committed. Should he, then, be admitted as a 'nephew' to the 'Arm-Chair' circle?"

Various had been the children's replies duly printed in the "Arm-Chair." No. 42 had read them with a bitter smile and tossed the magazine aside. But this was different. Here was a loving little "Dorothy" who could not be content with expressing her opinion to the editor, but must send in his care a letter right from her warm child-heart of innocence to the guilty man. No. 42 buried his face in his hands and sobbed on the iron bedstead.

II.

At the close of a sultry July day a group of young girls had gathered on the broad covered veranda of the Appledore House. The sun was setting, and a chance observer might have ventured a guess that the pretty creatures, in their muslins and gay shoulder wraps, were absorbed in the contemplation of the glorious bank of gold-bordered clouds piled up behind the

long low line of the mainland in the west, or the glimmering, dazzling track across the half-dozen intervening miles of restless ocean. An old Shoaler,

upon the piazza to scrutinize the arrivals by the Saturday evening boat, now due from Portsmouth

"It isn't in sight yet," pouted one



HE FOUND HIMSELF STANDING, WITH HIS FRIEND IN A FEARFUL HEAP ON THE CARPET.

however, would have corrected the stranger's mistake in a moment. The young ladies aforesaid had just come down from their rooms and rustled out

of the girls. "You needn't have hurried me so, Madge. Just look at my hair!"

It would bear looking at a good while,

that fluffy mass of golden locks that its owner was wont to toss up and secure with an apparent lack of design and a bewitchingly careless effect that drove the other girls frantic.

"Oh, your *hair!*" exclaimed a third member of the group, with a look of envy at the bright crown, gleaming in the sun's last ray. "Everybody knows you never have time for that, Dorothy. There's a hairpin—one of your big shell ones—going now. Ow! it's gone!"

"I can't help it, Louise," remarked Dorothy placidly, picking up the pin and replacing it with a careless tuck behind her pretty ears. "They *will* slip out, you know. Fred Liscomb said last night he could track me in the woods, like Hop o' My Thumb, by my hairpins."

"And he'd like to do it, too!" suggested her nearest neighbor mischievously.

Dorothy tossed her head. "I'd like to see him!" ("That's so!" *sotto voce*, from Louise.) "Oh, look, girls! There's the boat!"

By this time other guests had strolled out upon the piazza to watch the arrival of the new comers, after a time-honored custom, and then go in to tea. Late dinners, be it said, were unknown at Appledore.

Rounding the northwesterly point of the island and breasting the waters gallantly, the little *Oceanic* gave vent to its feelings in a long whistle and swept onward to the wharf in front of the hotel. A stream of people flowed down the plank walk to welcome expected friends from Boston and New York who had escaped from the heated purlieus of business to obtain a breath of cool sea air on Sunday. The piazza was lined with guests, who waited, with more or less limited curiosity, for the tide to turn backward toward the house.

There was a bustle upon the wharf, commands gruffly shouted on the part of the *Oceanic*, then greetings, laughter and shouts as friends met at the gangway and merrily started for the hotel.

Madge Hawthorn—the girl first addressed by Miss Golden Hair—gazed as eagerly as the rest, but with a little pitiful curve to her lips and a look in her eyes that told how far she was from expecting any special word of greeting from the new arrivals.

"Your father, Dorothy," she said presently as she caught sight of a broad-shouldered, kindly faced man with iron-gray beard and hair coming up the walk and scrutinizing the faces along the piazza.

"Oh, so it is!" and the girl waved her handkerchief languidly. "I can't go down to meet him, for the grass would just ruin this dress and there's that horrid dog besides. And he *will* give his paw, you know, if you just look at him! Can't you go, Madge?"

Without further urging her companion turned and ran down the steps, and presently was smiling welcome into the gentleman's kind face as she locked her arm through his and fell into step with him, gently taking a parcel from him as she did so.

"Glad to see you, little niece," said Mr. Emerson, drawing her close to his side, but still looking toward the piazza. "But where's Dollie tonight?"

"Oh, didn't you see her waving to you? There she is, sir!"

Dorothy slipped around to the head of the steps, and with more warmth than she had yet shown met her father as he slowly ascended them.

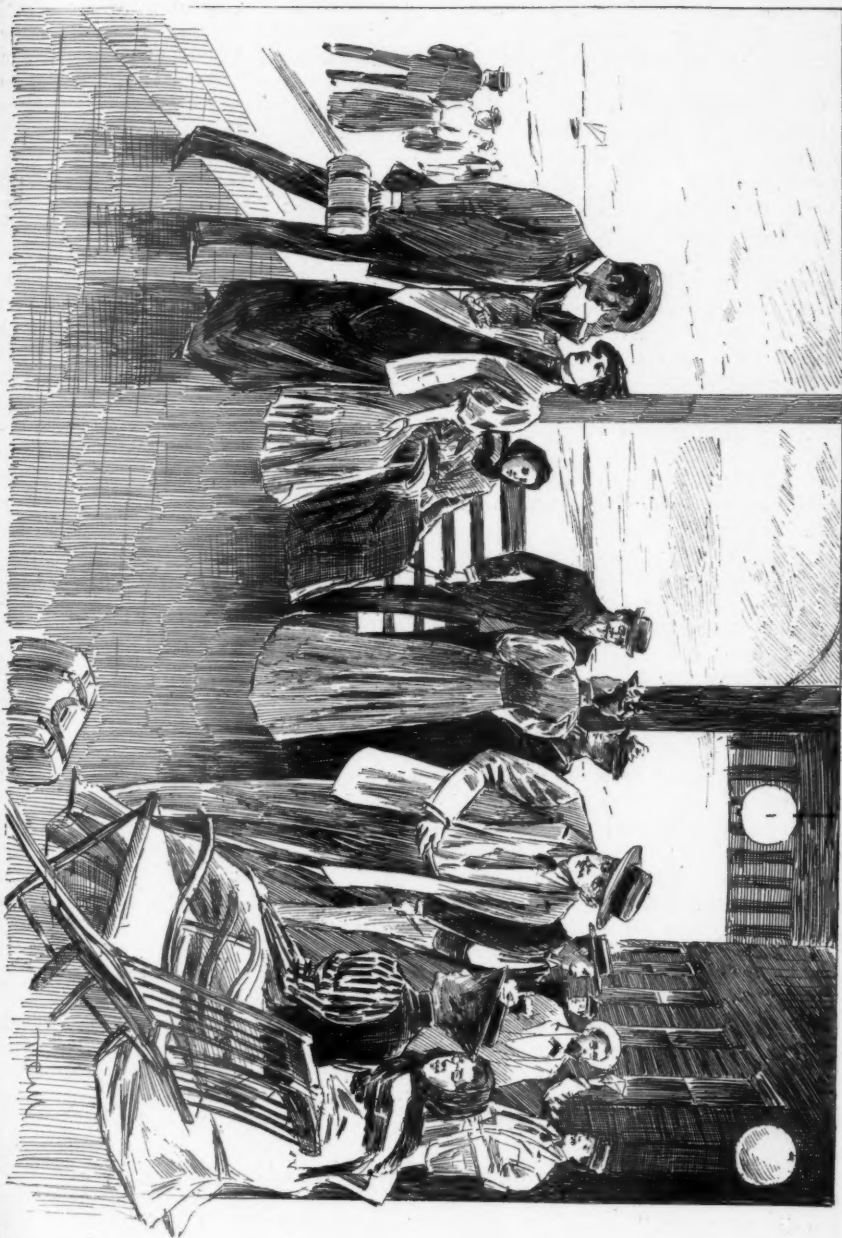
"I'm glad to see you, papa! Has it been a hard week?"

Madge quietly dropped back and stood leaning against one of the up-rights of the piazza as the two went in together. They had forgotten her already!

The other girls had speedily found friends "from America," as new arrivals were facetiously styled at the Shoals, and their voices and gay laughter rang out with the rest in the crowded office.

"Mail!" shouted the jolly landlord within. Madge gave a last wistful look toward the sunset, and turning about with dazzled eyes, very

MADGE RAN AGAINST RODNEY AS HE ENTERED THE HOTEL.



nearly ran plump into a rather tall and very grave young man who, the last of the steamer's passengers, at that moment stepped upon the piazza.

"Oh!" exclaimed Madge; and "Pardon me!" said the young man without change of countenance. Madge noticed his fine high forehead, his firm mouth, his hair, too much streaked with gray for the youth in his brown eyes. He stepped aside with a courteous inclination of the head, to allow her to pass in; following himself and securing one of the little attic rooms of the main building facing the east.

When this same gentleman was conducted to a seat at their table a few minutes later, the party already established there, consisting of Mr. Emerson, Dorothy, Madge Hawthorn and a near-sighted aunt who patiently filled the part of *chaperone* to the two young girls, stole curious glances at the stranger.

"Who is he?" whispered Dorothy to her cousin. "Did you see his name on the register?"

Madge flushed a little and confessed to a glance at the open page as she had just now passed the desk.

"His name is Rodney Field," she returned in the same tone. "He's from New Haven."

"A Yale man, of course," decided Dorothy. "Hasn't he a distinguished look? And so sad! I think he's lovely."

"Dorothy," said Mr. Emerson aloud, breaking in upon this small, purring *tête-à-tête* [Madge noticed that the stranger started and looked keenly toward the speaker]—"Dorothy, a friend of yours is coming down soon—young Andrews. You and Madge must see that he has a good time here."

"He'll be awfully bored," laughed Miss Emerson, with a conscious toss of her golden head. "But I'll do the best I can. Thank goodness he's frivolous and won't want to talk politics nor theology all the time, as Mr. Murchison did last week."

"It wasn't politics nor religion, Dorothy," said Madge quietly. "It was prison reform. You know he has

been prominent in that kind of work in his State, and I was very much interested in what he told me about it."

"There, there," broke in her uncle good-naturedly; "if you girls begin on prison reform there'll be no end to it. Why, don't you remember years ago when a magazine came——"

"Oh, papa, don't bring that up, please," said Dorothy, with her smooth little drawl; "let's talk of something more cheerful."

Perhaps a quick start on the part of the new-comer made her wish to introduce some more attractive topic. She knew perfectly well, sly puss, that he could not well help hearing every word of the conversation. He was evidently a nervous sort of man; perhaps just recovering from prostration or something. He had just dropped his knife and made an awkward clatter, and as she looked across the table toward him she noticed how pale he was.

An hour later she was promenading with him upon the piazza—a letter of introduction brought by Field to an intimate friend of Mr. Emerson's had easily paved the way to a presentation to his daughter and niece—looking up into his face with her dark sea-blue eyes and shaking her pretty golden head at some light remark he was making. They had waltzed together and Miss Dorothy had complained of the heat of the room. As a matter of course the piazza was suggested, and gathering a fleecy shawl about her shoulders with a dainty little shrug of the same, my lady demurely paced by the side of her tall escort until more than one mile had been measured off and the fading lights of the dance-room warned them that the hotel evening was at an end.

"And there comes Aunt Abigail," said Dorothy. "What a delightful evening I've had, Mr. Field!"

"I'm sure you must have," said Rodney, bowing in his grave way. "It's a trite saying that no other delight equals that of giving pleasure to others. Good-night, Miss Emerson."

Reaching his room, Rodney unlocked his portmanteau, and with an



"PULL, MADGE, PULL!"

energy that was in marked contrast with his recent composed demeanor, pulled out a diary, a pen and a little traveling inkstand and began to write.

"July 7th. Eight years ago to-day I walked out of prison a free man. Eight years ago to day the firm of Bagehot Brothers took me, record and all, into their employ—God bless them! Why do I sit here, in my little resting-place in the midst of the sea, writing this and reviving the struggles, the hopes, the successes of the past? Why do I recall the first year's stubborn fight to regain the good opinion of the world; the help of those generous men; the steady promotion they gave me; the sudden news of a strangely inherited fortune poured into my hands? Why? Because the golden thread had led me through all the dark labyrinth has at last brought me to the prize. It has proved—a thread of golden hair! Yes, I have found her! Ever since her dear little letter came to me in my prison cell, softening my hard heart like the song of the first bluebird in snowy March, I have looked upward for help, I have looked onward with the hope of meeting her. 'With love, Dorothy,' has been my talisman. Thank God, they have kept me from shadowed paths, have given me strength when no help seemed nigh. And now, with my black record far behind me, honored in the eyes of men, rich—as the world would call me—ready to set my hand firmly to the best work I can find to do—now the final blessing has come to me. I have found her! Why recall the long, weary search of any trace of the writer of that childish note? Enough to record that, almost hoping against hope, I followed one clew that brought me to Appledore; and on this bit of dreary rock in the midst of the ocean I have met, face to face, Dorothy, the 'Gift of God.' Something drew me to the fair young creature when I first saw her to-night. I managed to be placed at the same table. A chance word let fall by her father afforded the final proof. She was, indeed, my very Dorothy, sweet and fair as a dream;

sought of many, I know, but not yet won. Thoughtless and merry as a child, she has not yet learned the deeper lessons of life. Please God, it may yet be my sacred privilege to stand at her side, to protect and comfort her in years to come, as she shall learn them."

It will be seen from the foregoing extract that men (and men no longer in the sunrise of life, too) as well as romantic young girls occasionally commit the sage folly of keeping diaries and recording their inmost thought and experience there. Probably Rodney expected to burn his journals at an early day. Just now, with no woman friend at hand to talk to (a man would by no mean have sufficed), it was an inexpressible comfort to send his pen flying over the white pages, vainly endeavoring to keep pace with his swift emotions and rapturous reflections on the evening that had just passed.

As for Mistress Dorothy, she sleepily confided to Madge, as she wound up her little bobbins of golden thread before the mirror that night, that she had had no end of a good time with "Sir Rodney" that evening. But he walked her 'most to death and was so solemn that she knew she'd be awfully tired of him in a week. "However," she admitted with a final little *moue* at the glass, "it's great fun to shock him by my shallowness and see him puzzle over my remarks and try to reform his own views accordingly. Do put out the light, Madge, and come to bed!"

III.

It was the last week in August. The great hotel on the ledges of Appledore was still filled with summer guests, though many of the faces familiar at the beginning of the season had given place to new ones, no less bright or happy. From the flower-encircled cottage near by floated sweet music, mingling with the diapason of the ocean; from the tennis ground, the rocks, the piazza and the little summer-houses gay voices and laughter still rang out blithely. If there

was a breath of autumn in the air, if good-bys gradually gained upon greetings, these light-hearted inhabitants of the Fortunate Isles never let a shadow

Rodney Field, no longer pale from recent illness and overwork, strode to and fro over the turfy lanes and iron cliffs of the island the picture of sturdy

MADGE WALKED SLOWLY LEANING HEAVILY ON HER ESCORTS ARM.



of melancholy darken the brief sunshine of their midsummer sojourn by the sea.

health. No whale-boat party was complete without him, and he knew the subtle flattery of kindling light in

bright eyes whenever he approached this or that group of young people or entered the dance-hall in the evening.

In his own face, however, lurked an almost habitual expression that betrayed doubt, disappointment, anxiety. From the day when he had sat upon the iron bedstead in his prison cell reading the childish note which he had carried in his bosom ever since, his one absorbing purpose had been to expiate the past, to tread down discouragement, despair, the scorn of others, the remorseful upbraidings of memory, and make himself a man worthy of the sweet spirit that had sent that pure sunbeam into his dark retreat.

Long, untiring search, often baffled, often so futile as to tempt but never to force him to its abandonment, had brought him to the gay summer resort, where he already had a reliable and discreet friend of former days, and where at last he was told he should find Mr. Emerson and his daughter Dorothy, whose little footsteps he had followed so assiduously for nearly ten years.

He had prepared himself to find her married, or at least with her heart given to another; in which case he would quietly tell her his story and return to his work in the great city commission house where he had fought his way up to reputation and wealth. The true, womanly heart that had prompted the letter in days long gone by could not but be touched and gratified to know that its impulsive warmth had rescued a man from hopelessness and ruin.

He had found her fair as the morning, sweet as a June rose, unfettered, glad, joyous and pleased, as he could not but see, by his quiet attentions. Day by day he had held back the disclosure of his identity, waiting to study her more deeply, longing yet dreading to witness its effect upon her and her frank regard for him. I say "dreading," for reluctant as he was to admit it to himself, he could not blind himself to the fact that this same golden-haired young lady was gliding along the surface of life with silken

sails and pleasure at the helm, without, so far as he could determine, a thought of its great meanings, its grand possibilities, its duties and rewards.

Time after time he tried her with this topic and that, touching upon some grave question of the day which he knew was deeply moving good men and women and drawing forth their best efforts all over the land.

"Oh, how tiresome!" pretty Dollie would say, leaning over the side of the boat or flinging pebbles into the water. "I don't see why you want to talk about such things! Leave them to the Salvation Army!" she once added. And somehow the careless jest jarred more upon his feelings than had even the most radical and noisy demonstrations of the army itself.

An hour or two after this incident Rodney had seated himself alone in the small pavilion overlooking the ocean to the eastward. He was dissatisfied with Dorothy dissatisfied with himself, and forming half resolutions to give up the quest of the golden fleece and take the next morning's boat to the mainland.

A soft footfall on the gravel just behind him attracted his attention, and he gravely opened the little wicket-gate for Dorothy's cousin.

"Come in, Miss Hawthorn. I'm in the sulks and it's your duty, feminine and Christian, to shake me out of them."

Madge flushed a little, as was her wont of late when this popular individual addressed her, and, far from shaking him, sat down rather timidly on the bench at a little distance from her companion. Rodney took note of the pretty color in her cheeks, and wondered that he had never noticed what fine, thoughtful dark eyes those were which now looked out over the broad expanse of sea and the slow waves falling upon the rocks below.

"You said something this afternoon about a society for helping discharged prisoners, Mr. Field," she said presently. "I wish you would tell me more of it."

Rodney looked at her keenly and

colored in his turn. Was it possible that she had guessed his secret? No: her frank, honest face was as open as the day and she met his eyes without a shade of consciousness.

He told her what he knew of the society, its resources, its methods of work, and related one or two instances of successfully directed aid that had come within his personal knowledge.

"It's a noble work!" she exclaimed impulsively. "I want to help myself this winter. Don't you think I can do something for the women at Sherborn, Mr. Field?"

Rodney in his turn now forgot himself in his topic, which naturally was an absorbing one with him. More than once he almost let slip the disclosure he had thus far refrained from making of his own bitter experiences within prison walls.

They talked on and on, not as light acquaintances of a summer, but as man and woman, each finding the complement of his own and her own thought in that of the other.

The distant notes of the old fog-bell in the hotel cupola recalled them to the conventionalities of life.

"I must go," exclaimed Madge, starting to her feet. "You have been so good to tell me all these things. I must have tired you so!"

"The obligation is mine, Miss Hawthorn. You have reminded me of the best things of life, and that is no little service. It is what your sex is always doing for mine!" he added with a little sigh half grateful, half regretful.

"And your sulks, sir?" suggested Madge mischievously as they sauntered back between wild-rose bushes and gray boulders toward the house.

"They have gone to sea!" And he pointed dramatically to a gray bank of fog low down in the east.

This was a few days only after his arrival at Appledore. From that day he was drawn, in spite of every resolve, of every sentimental predilection, of every charted course he had marked out on his map of life, away from Dorothy and toward her gentle, thoughtful cousin.

"It is absurd!" he told himself angrily as he paced the shore alone.

"Here I've been for years devoting myself as a loyal knight to the lady who came to me when I was in distress and freed me from the real prison of which the actual granite walls and iron bars were only the shadow, to renounce her because of the girlish lightness of her untrained heart and kneel before a quiet, unassuming little girl who probably doesn't care a fig for me, but is interested in my prosing about reform!"

Then an image of two dark brown eyes would rise before him and a sweet, thoughtful face turned toward his; he could hear her voice and note in his imagination, even a certain appealing little trick she had of catching her breath when she was particularly earnest when she talked. At this point he would generally draw his own breath hard and stride down to the wharf, where he could obtain a boat and row a mile or two against a head wind, "to take the nonsense out of him"—an excellent recipe, by the way.

The season was now drawing rapidly to a close. Final excursions, dancing-parties, visits to White Island Light, hitherto idly postponed from day to day, were hastily planned and carried out.

"You haven't yet been to Duck Island," said Rodney, approaching the two cousins as they sat with their fancy work on the piazza one afternoon. "Let's row over. There'll be plenty of time before the boat comes."

"The boat! Of course he doesn't allow a moment for dressing for evening, Madge?"

"Oh, I'll have you back in time," laughed Rodney. "Or you can astonish the ideas of the populace by appearing in boating costume. It would be, on the whole, quite an Appledoric style!"

Dorothy put two little fingers in her rosy ears at the pun, but moved off with Madge to prepare for the excursion.

Twenty minutes later they were seated in a row-boat headed for Duck Island, a mile away to the northward.

"It's coming up to blow from the south'ard, sir," said an old Shoaler on the wharf as Rodney cast off the painter. "'Twill be dead ahead coming back, and ye'd better not stay long on the island."

"All right," answered Rodney, busy with his oars and row-locks. "Send the *Pinafore* after us if we're not back by dark." And away foamed the little boat under the powerful strokes of the athletic oarsman.

Helped by a favoring wind they soon reached the island, steering carefully past one or two dangerous reefs to a sheltered cove, where the boat was made fast and they landed.

It was but a desolate ledge of rocks for the most part, overgrown with coarse grass and wild vetch that bent fitfully and mournfully in the wind. There was only one building in the place, a little shanty sometimes used by the lobster fishermen, but now locked up.

At the outermost end of the island Rodney showed the girls its prime attraction (other than the unique loneliness of its bare ledges in a waste of blue water and foaming surf), a long surface of rock thickly studded with small garnets. Considerable time was consumed in breaking out one or two of the tiny red stones for mementoes of the trip. When Rodney rose to his feet and looked toward the south, he instantly detected an added force in the wind blowing upon his face.

"Come, ladies, we must hurry," he said rather nervously. "I haven't forgotten my contract to give you time for an elaborate toilet before tea."

He would have given Madge his hand as they reached a rough bit of climbing, but she sprang quickly ahead, saying:

"Help Dorothy, please."

With many pretty posturings and frights that young person succeeded in reaching the boat, breathless and rosy. Rodney said to himself that no lovelier sight could be than this girl, her eyes dancing, her blue sailor-suit blown tightly about her dainty figure, and the truant wisps of bright hair streaming out over her saucy features in spite of

desperate attempts of undressed kidded little hands to keep them in subjection. Madge had already seated herself in the stern of the boat and was holding the tiller-ropes, a trifle impatient for the start.

"I didn't know she cared so much about dress!" the man reflected.

Dorothy was assisted to her favorite nook in the bows, which she preferred, she was wont to assert with utmost candor, "because she didn't have anything to do but 'trim the boat;' and she always did like to trim things—from boats to bonnets!"

Rodney followed, having cast off the boat, and taking the oars, began to pull steadily for home. For a few rods all went merrily enough. Shag Rock broke the force of the wind, which was a little east of south, and the boat made good headway. The first intimation of a different state of affairs outside was a shower of spray over the bows and upon the back of Dorothy's neck.

"Oh—h!" she cried, half in fun, half in real fright and discomfort. "I didn't come here to keep the water off the rest of you. Let me get by, please, Mr. Field, and sit down by Madge."

"I'm sorry, Miss Emerson," said Rodney over his shoulder, never ceasing to row, "but you will have to stay where you are. It would be dangerous to change in this sea, and besides, we must have the head of the boat down or I can't keep her up into the wind."

He was evidently making great exertions as it was. The full face of the wind was now upon them. The light craft rose and fell as they had never felt it on their way out; and close astern and to the west the increasing swell roared appallingly on the long line of sunken reefs that have caught and torn to pieces so many good ships.

"Meet them—when you can—Miss Hawthorn!" cried Rodney, putting all his strength into the oars. The sea was on the port bow and at times the boat seemed to lift half its length out of the water, to fall in a perilous angle into the trough beyond.

Madge understood what he meant, and used her best skill in turning the

boat's head toward the heaviest waves as they came rolling in angrily from the broad stretch of ocean beyond.

Ten—twenty—minutes Dorothy crouched, silent and drenched, in the bows. Rodney's heart sank as he looked beyond Madge at the rocks astern and marked how little advance he had made. His wrists ached as if they would crack; but if he should stop rowing, in thirty seconds they would be in the breakers. With set lips and strained gaze Madge held the tiller-ropes and helped the oarsman in every possible way.

But the strain could not endure. The heaviest sea that had yet attacked them tossed them high up, and as it swept past disclosed the black crest of a deeply sunken reef, quite unsuspected before and directly in their course. The water roared in a white caldron of foam over it; Madge pulled hard on the rope and the boat labored past. Then a new danger appeared. Rodney felt his arms growing numb to the elbow. He could but just close his fingers upon the oars. The boat no longer forged ahead. It was all he could do to keep it from making sternway. His breath came thick and hard. The color left his lips.

"Mr. Field," cried Madge, above the roar of the sea, "let me take the oars. My arms are not tired, and I can at least keep the boat where it is while you rest for a few minutes in my place."

"No! no!" screamed Dorothy; "you mustn't move, Mr. Field, or we'll all be drowned. Pull harder! pull harder! Oh, see the waves!"

Rodney set his teeth and pulled a dozen strokes, throwing the weight of his body stiffly upon the oars. Then he gasped to Madge:

"Take them! I'll rest—a—moment. I can't go on!"

Madge knew what he must have endured before he would make that request and confession to a girl. She dropped the tiller-ropes and crept forward, while he moved past to her former seat. It was done so quickly that not half a dozen strokes were lost before Madge had the oars. Yet they

had drifted fifty feet toward the rocks, and the boat lurched fearfully in the trough of the sea. A huge wave rolled swiftly toward them, turning white and roaring at the summit.

"Pull, Madge, pull!" shouted Rodney, regardless of everything but the peril of the moment, and throwing his rapidly returning strength upon the tiller-rope.

It hardly seemed possible for those girlish white wrists to force the oars through the whirl of waters, but she did, and swinging round, the boat rose buoyantly to meet the wave which had threatened instant destruction. Again they were saved and by Madge.

For five long minutes she tugged at the oars, keeping the boat, as she promised, from losing ground.

In those five minutes, with vigor returning slowly to his benumbed arms, every muscle tense, every nerve at its utmost strain, Rodney felt his doubts swept away like fog before the fierce gale. He knew now, even while he was lending all his reviving faculties to fight the strength of the ocean, that he loved this girl who held the lives of her companions in her slender hands. Every trace of sentimental memories, twinges of foolish remorse, self-questioning and reproach had disappeared. He saw, at last, clearly. If death should come soon to that little struggling boatload he would die hand in hand with her who was dearer to him than life.

And with a new hold upon life itself he called to her to resign her place once more. At great risk, as before, he changed places with her. He seized the oars and pulled with the strength of two men. Dorothy cried miserably, poor child, in the bows, drenched by every wave. Rodney could see that Madge's strength was now yielding to the strain. It was plainly an intense effort for her to retain her hold upon the ropes. Still, inch by inch he gained against the furious sea and the tide. They had nearly reached the outer reefs, when Dorothy shrieked out brokenly:

"The steamer! The steamer! She's coming after us!"

And even as she spoke the cheery little whistle of the diminutive launch reached their ears.

The boats rocked frightfully and the transfer of passengers from the smaller to the larger craft was not accomplished without great difficulty. Away started the *Pinafore* for Appledore with the row-boat in tow.

"I thought I wouldn't wait till night for ye," said the captain, "see-in's it's breezed up so."

Dorothy crouched by the engine boiler to warm her shivering limbs and dried her tears. But she would have but little to say to Rodney.

"To think," she exclaimed to her sympathizing aunt that night, "that he should take us to such a place! He ought to have known better. If I hadn't seen the *Pin* when I did, I don't know what would have become of us!"

When Madge found herself safe in the little steamer she sank down on the cushioned seat and suddenly turned faint.

"Rest yourself against me, my darling," whispered Rodney in her ear, forgetting that she had not been consciously accessory to his decision ten minutes before. Too weak to protest or realize anything but the fact of refuge and safety, Madge did lean against him, and knew but little more until the tossing ceased and she was tenderly lifted from the boat to the wharf. There she managed to stagger to her feet, and after a moment's rest to walk slowly to the house, leaning heavily on her escort's arm. Poor Dorothy, who was excessively cross and wet, hurried on before, marking her way this time not by hairpins, but by a little track of salt water on the plank walk.

The girls did not come down again that night, but the next morning they appeared at a late breakfast; Dorothy dignified and—dry, and Madge so pale and sweet and dear that Rodney's heart beat hard as he caught sight of her.

Somehow he managed to get her alone to himself for a few minutes that morning. He could not wait. It was

all out in a moment—the story of his youth, his crime and imprisonment, the child's letter, his vain dream of finding her, his infatuation for Dorothy and honest endeavor to believe her all he had pictured throughout his long probation; his awakening to the depth of his feeling for her cousin, who now, with wide, frightened eyes, listened silently, as perforce she must, to his headlong rush of words.

"I know this has surprised you," he continued hastily. "I ought to have waited till you were stronger, till I could show you my heart's love in some more delicate way. But I could not; I had to tell you. And now that you have the whole story, now that you know I was a justly imprisoned criminal, I shall leave you and wait for your decision. No, not now, not now!" as he saw her lips close firmly. "I am going away from the island to-day. Think of what I have said. Do not, O pray do not decide hurriedly against me! Madge! Madge! I am not tired of rowing! I would gladly die in your service, dear! But I want you to help guide me to meet the waves while I work for you! And as you decide what to do with me, remember as my last words that I love you, I love you, I love you!"

And he was gone.

IV.

Two months passed. The lonely little island was deserted by its gay-plumaged summer-birds, who had all flown westward across the sea.

Rodney Field was at his desk in the city counting-house every day, infusing a restless energy into his work that astonished even his partners.

On the fifteenth day a white messenger came to him. Nerving himself for the ordeal, he tore open the envelope and read:

LENEX, September 6th.

DEAR MR. FIELD:

I am glad you asked me to wait before deciding. Perhaps I should have been unjust to both you and myself had I answered at once. First of all, I questioned Dollie. She need not have answered.

The day after you went away Alfred Murchison came. There was an understanding between them, it seemed, when he saw her last. Now her engagement to him is publicly announced.

As to myself, what shall I say? I ought to tell you at once you are laboring under a strange mistake. Your search for "Dorothy" who wrote you the letter when you were unhappy years ago rightly led you to Appledore. But your informant who said she was Mr. Emerson's daughter fell into an error which has frequently occurred. It was not his own

daughter, but his niece whom he had adopted on the death of her mother and who, it was agreed, should drop her own name—the same as his daughter's—and assume that of his sister, whom he had dearly loved, "Margaret."

There remains but one thing more to say. I believe you would not, you could not, have spoken to me as you did that last day unless you had divined something of my own heart. Is it so very, very plain to read? Let me answer you by signing myself once more,

With love,

DOROTHY.



SAMANTHA'S SECRET.

BY HARRIET C. COX.

SAMANTHA sat in the doorway sipping apples—not a particularly attractive occupation, nor could anyone, even the most romantic dreamer, have seen anything picturesque in the picture she made. Had anyone noticed her, or having caught a glimpse of her cared to look again, this is what they would have seen: An old farmhouse, once painted yellow, but now so worn by years of winter blasts and summer sun, that it had a dirty, mottled appearance; a broad door thrown open, revealing a large kitchen, where vegetables, dishes, brooms and kittens were mingled in delightful confusion; on the worn wooden step, a young girl whose face, framed by a mass of tumbled hair of varying shades of brown, was certainly not that of a rustic beauty, it was broad and freckled; the eyes were of an indescribable greenish grey, the lashes that shaded them, so few and light in color as to be almost indistinguishable. The nose was well shaped, the mouth large and irregular.

There was in fact nothing attractive in the whole figure, for everything from the soiled, torn calico dress to the old boots, that lacked a sufficient number of buttons to keep them on well, betokened a careless indifference

to any body or thing in the world about her.

There seemed to be no life about. For fully five minutes the only sounds were the falling into the pan of the apples, as they fell from the girl's hands and the ticking of the clock on the shelf beside the door.

Then in the distance came the sound of a slow, shuffling tread. Nearer and nearer it came. Now a puff of wind blew a cloud of dust from the wake of the impetuous feet across the yard and into the face of the girl, but she made no motion.

Then the newcomer, evidently catching sight of the figure in the door, quickened his pace until he reached the gate, then stopped, leaning both elbows on the fence and staring at Samantha. Still, Samantha sat on the step, never looking up nor showing by any outward sign that she was aware of any presence save her own and the kittens, asleep in the sun at her feet.

"Hello, Samantha!"

No answer.

"I say, Samantha, can I come in?"

This time the silent figure moved, the face was actually lifted a moment, and then a voice said slowly, almost mechanically:

"Don't see anything to prevent, the

gate ain't fastened and Bruin is shut up in the barn."

The voice did not sound particularly inviting, but the answer seemed to satisfy the young man, for he lost no time in pushing open the gate with a shove that sent it rattling back with a bang, coming up the path and seating himself on the step. But Samantha kept on paring apples.

"I say, Samantha, can't you say nothing to a fellow? I want to talk."

"Talk, then," came the encouraging answer.

"Well, turnips and onions, won't you say nothing? I can talk as much as the next fellow, but I'll be hanged if I can if you set there a-paring and a-paring and never saying a word that you're glad to see me, nor ain't, one way nor t'other. I say, just drop that work, will you?" and the question was emphasized by his taking the pan of apples from Samantha's lap and placing it on the ground just beyond her reach.

There was a momentary struggle on the girl's part as the strong hand caught the pan with an energy that sent the apples rolling one against the other, while one bounded over the side of the pan and rolled away, as if glad to be free once more. Then she dropped her hands into her lap, gave herself a little stretch, leaned her head against the side of the door and said:

"All right, talk away and I'll listen."

"Samantha, I've made up my mind to one thing. I'm going away. I'm sick to death of this life and this place. Here I ain't no account, only just Sam Orr's chore boy, and I'm going off somewhere where nobody don't know me; where nobody can't point to me and say: 'Oh, he ain't no good, his father's in prison, you can't expect much of him.'"

"I'll be hanged, if I'll stand it one day longer. Only this morning as I was ploughing up a piece of meddar land, I heard Jim Wilkes say to Sam: 'Young Brad there, he seems to be quite a worker—must make something out of him.' Sam smiled that durned

smile of his—I call it prayer-meeting smile—and says: 'He is a pretty good worker,' then speaking up loud so I should hear—"but it isn't every one that would take a convict's son into the family, you know, there's no telling how he may turn out.' And then I just put that plow through the ground at great rate, as if I was a grinding up all them old hypocrites into mince meat together. I'm just going off, that's what I am, and if I don't make myself something what folk's won't turn up their noses at then my name ain't Brad Foster. Folks needn't be down on a feller because his father went and done something wrong!"

"I know Brad," and the listless expression left his hearer's face and there was a kindly gleam in the eyes, "its a mean shame and I don't blame you one mite. It would be easier for you to go somewhere else, only I hate to have you go Brad. There won't be anyone to cheer me up when I get down-hearted, and how can I get along without you to help me in my—you know," and the girl lowered her voice and glanced around as if she feared that even the trees might snatch a word of her secret."

"That's so, 'Manthy, 'twill be just like pulling teeth to leave you, but what has got to come, has, and there ain't no way to come 'round it. Mayhap I can help you more by going. I say when will you have it done? I'm going pretty plagued quick, and I might take it along with me."

He paused a moment, waiting for an answer, then broke out, "Oh! I forgot. I saw the first meddar pink to-day; stuck a stick side of it so we could find it again easy."

"You did?" and the girl's face lighted up as she jumped to her feet.

"Where? Come and show me," and catching up her hat from the window seat, she was at the gate before more moderate Brad had arisen from his hard seat.

Down the road they went together, a curious looking couple so thought the Rev. Mr. Monson as he rode slowly down the dusty village street. The

girl with her ill-fitting calico dress fluttering in the wind, and her quick, jerky walk; the youth with his awkward, heavy tread, and hands buried deep in his pockets.

An hour later they returned, bearing in triumph four stately "pinks," bulbs and all, black mire and roots in Samantha's handkerchief.

Her face was radiant with pleasure as she put the flowers tenderly in water, saying:

"Now, Brad do go home, I haven't a moment to spare; here's all this work to be done and I can't bother to talk," and she began to sweep so vigorously, raising such a dust that her companion was only too glad to beat a hasty retreat.

But he hadn't gone far before he turned back and cried:

"I say Samanthu, tell me again the name of those pinks will you, I'll be blest if I can remember it."

"*Arathusa bulbosa*," came from the depths of dust and a shower of dirt was sent vindictively over the door-sill.

"*Arathusa bulbosa*, *bulbosa* on account of the little bulb it grows from. It's an *orchid*" and Samantha stood in the doorway, leaning on her broom.

"You can't forget it if you only stop and think. It's the same family as callapogan, ladyslipper and ladytresses—good-by," and she vanished.

Brad gazed a moment at the open doorway, put his hands in his pockets, muttered something to himself, gave a low whistle, then turned and went slowly down the road.

A week from that day saw Brad taking his departure.

Samantha walked with him the whole of the two miles and a half to the railroad station.

Soon the train came rushing in. The two stood on the platform and shook hands, that was all. There was no romance about these two young people, no sentimental pressure of the hand, no tearful glance. They said good-by, and the train was off, leaving Samantha on the platform waving her handkerchief till the train was a mere

speck, and Brad, on the rear platform, invisible. Then she turned and walked home.

One, two, three weeks passed, but no word came from the wanderer.

But one night, after eating a hearty supper, Farmer Fielding drew from his pocket a letter, then, with a cunning wink at his wife, said:

"Here, 'Manthy, he couldn't stand it no longer, he had ter write, so see what he has to say."

She seized the letter, tore it open, read a few lines, turned first white, then red, then rushed from the room to hide the tears that would come.

"Well, I am beat," declared her mother with astonishment at this unusual proceeding; "there must have been more in it than I thought on. Somehow it didn't 'pear to me she cared so very much when young Foster went off. Who would have thought it?" But she made no attempt to follow her daughter.

In her room, with the only door locked, three chairs and a pile of books against it, sat Samantha on the floor, her head resting against the casement of the open window. In her lap lay the letter open to these lines:

"I took your paper to the man and he said call in a few days, so I did. He was real polite and made me sit down in his smart office, and he said he would take the piece. Said he, I am particularly struck with the whole article, it shows such an intense love of nature, a true poetic instinct and a thorough acquaintance with the subject in hand. The drawings are correct and delicate and the whole thing will look good in print

Them's just the words, 'cause I made him write them down so I could tell you just right, but he said he'd write himself to you. But what is best of all, he said he'd pay you fifty dollars for it, and by and by when you get a name he'll pay you more. I told him I didn't see what that had to do with it, you had a pretty good name now and want likely to change it soon. He smiled but didn't say any more about it."

In the magazine reading world there was a little excitement as to who the new author was, for in a recent issue of one of the most prominent magazines of the day had appeared an article, entitled "Wild Flowers of the Connecticut Valley."

Written in a pure, simple style, thoroughly treating the subject, and daintily illustrated by engravings of the rarest and most curious flowers, it had attracted considerable notice.

This was followed by others, all concerning flowers, their growth, habits, etc. The name, S. A. Fielding, gave no clue to the authorship, whether the botanist be a man or woman.

In a pleasant study, discussing literary matters, magazines and authors, sat a group of young people.

Some of them were authors themselves, just beginning to make names in the literary world.

In the midst of a confusing babble of tongues, the door opened and a young man entered. Hardly was he seated before a bright, energetic voice greeted him:

"Well, old boy, have you found the fair unknown?"

"The fair unknown, that sounds mysterious; what is it?" queried one.

"Why, you see, Jameson has been off in the country hunting, not exactly deer hunting, not unless you spell it with an a. We have talked considerably about this new author—S. A. Fielding—and our curiosities were so aroused, as to whether the owner of that name were a man or woman, that Jameson vowed he'd find out. This much we learned, she is a woman and lives in one of those out-of-the-way places in the Connecticut Valley. I declared she was young and charming, blue-eyed, golden-haired and all that, and her name was Susie. Jameson didn't agree, the name was Sarah Ann, he knew. She was strong-minded, a prime old maid who wore glasses.

"Oh, cruel man," turning to Jameson and clasping his hands in a most tragic manner, "tell me or I die—is it Susie?"

There was a twinkle in the eye of

the late comer, and his voice was full of laughter as he replied:

"Not the ideal, but the realistic, my boy—not Susie, but Samantha."

"Samantha!" and a series of groans finished the sentence. "But go on, Jameson, I think I can stand anything now," and the speaker shuddered.

"Well, Rob, I'll relieve your mind. I found the town a miserably, thinly-settled farming place. When I got off the train I saw only one old farmer, who looked at me as if I were a new specimen of humanity. I asked him if he could tell me where Miss S. A. Fielding lived. He gazed at me a moment, then withdrew his pipe from his mouth and managed to mutter, 'I dunno.' 'Surely,' I said, 'you must know, she lives here somewhere.' Slowly over his face came a regular country grin. 'I don't know no Miss Fielding,' he said; 'perhaps you mean Jim Fielding's daughter S'manthy. She lives two miles and a half down that way,' pointing to a long, dusty turnpike. 'Take your first right, second left, 'till you come to a big red barn, then go down the lane 'till you come to a yallar house, that's it.'

"With little persuading I managed to get him to harness up and drive me over. Before I reached the house, however, all ideas of possible charming maidens had vanished and I cursed myself for going on such a foolish errand.

"The house was old and dilapidated, not at all an ideal farm house such as one expects to see.

"I was met by a middle-aged woman, who in answer to my query said:

"'No, 'Manthy want ter home, but I'd find her down in the south meddar,' and she offered to show me the way, but I declined, for I preferred to find the young lady myself.

"Well, I found her!

"I met her running home. She had been gathering sweet flag, and her apron was filled with the roots. Her dress was old and worn, spattered with great daubs of black mud; her hat was off and swinging on her arm; her hair was flying about her head and her face

was—well, absolutely homely. There was not a particle of grace or beauty about her.

"I introduced myself as well as possible under the circumstances; told her how I had admired her articles and all that.

"Well, we went back to the house, where she entertained me in a stuffy parlor by showing me her herbarium. Then, and only then, could I realize that this awkward, uncouth girl was the author of these articles. Only with the flowers did she seem at home, and she told me their names, the curious habit, and all sorts of interesting things about them.

"She is truly an enigma. Her parents are common farmers, with no education. She has never been educated beyond a few years at the village school, but has spent years and years in the study of nature. Her botany is

torn and soiled with use; she knows when and where to look for every wild flower that grows for miles about."

"And there she will live and die!" quipped one, half musing.

"Probably, there are still a few rustics left; she may settle down with one of them."

"It's such a farce!" and he laughed heartily at the remembrance of the glimpse into a life so new to him.

And so the talk went on.

* * * * *

Far away, Samantha, in her own quiet room under the shade of the apple tree, thought for the moment of the visit she had had from the stranger from the great world. Then she took from her pocket a worn and crumpled letter, read again the well known words, looked up into the sky and smiled.

Brad was coming home.



ENVIRONMENT.

BY CARRIE M. OGILVIE.

WILKINS, the proprietor of the greenhouse, one morning received a package by express from a city on the Pacific coast. The following note accompanied it:

DEAR WILKINS:

I hear that you have gone into your loved profession independently since you left us, or rather when we left you, for our tour of the world. When in the region of the Himalayas I was interested in a little plant that Helen and I christened the "wonder plant." She insisted that we send you a root, and so here it is. I will not explain its features, but leave you to enjoy your surprise at its blooming. Helen joins me in affectionate regards.

Your old friend,

JOHN VAN DAELL.

To the uninterested and the unloving a root is only a root. There is no hint

in the dry fibers of leaf and blossom, of delicate tendrils and graceful branch. But to Wilkins, the gardener, who had inherited his passion from six generations of flower-lovers, the dry, brown thing in his hand was as sacred as a geode to the geologist or a new comet to the astronomer. It was planted in a shaded corner of the loveliest nook of the conservatories, and a stake marked "Wonder Plant" driven in the earth near by. The abutilon shook with excitement at the name and the Black Prince fuchsia, taking it as a joke, laughed till all his rose-colored bells tinkled with flower music.

A velvety begonia reached down from a basket under the glass in a corner to see what it was, and cried out to the jasmine in the next room in jealousy. Even the clusters of *Maréchal Niel* roses from the roof smiled from their

deep hearts as they reached out for a loving touch from Wilkins' hand, "We'll wait and see! Wonder plant, indeed!" exclaimed a red geranium. The calla lily reared itself more proudly, and around the fragrance of a thousand white carnations a whisper ran, which caused the English violets to purple deeply and sigh.

How they all loved their master and keeper! Their jealousy proved it.

No conservatories east or west had such a wealth of bloom as did those of Wilkins'. He understood the plants, love translating to him every mute appeal of leaf or blossom. All their needs of sun or shade, of loam or sand, of heat or moisture or space he understood and supplied.

Brought into existence under favoring circumstances and no law of nature broken in their nurture, why should they not richly flower for him?

It was a long time before some delicate fronds of green indicated that the root of the wonder plant lived. There was a hush of expectancy among the flowers after they appeared. And when, in a long month, the leaves had not uncurled, Wilkins caught them, lilies, carnations, fuchsias, roses, all laughing in derision one March morning.

The poor little plant was terrified, and if the violets had not thrown her kisses as sweet as a breath from a lotus bed every day, she surely would have sickened and died.

In the early days of her existence she did not know her own needs. But as she grew older and several leaves curled up and died, instinct taught her to reach toward the sunshine. With what passionate and envious longing did she look every day at the red geranium! How her roots cried out for richer food and for more room! How she wept, in the still watches of the night, because she could not look up at the moon and the stars and listen to the wind among the mountains!

Day by day the sunlight grew more golden and the daylight more slow to fade.

Day by day the heart of a La France

rose near the wonder plant grew more deep and tender. And one morning a thrill of ecstasy ran through the place when through the lifted roof fell the silver song of a bluebird.

"Now for liberty, for free winds, for dashes of raindrops, for burning kisses from the sun," thought the wonder plant. And with the thought came a thrill of new life, and at her heart, all dwarfed as it was, a tiny flower bud began to form.

When Wilkins took up the work of transplanting to the open air, he concluded that the wonder plant amounted to so little and had grown so slowly that it could wait until the last. He did not understand its nature, and with his orchids to absorb his attention could not trouble himself to become acquainted with the stranger.

It is the manner and habit of the world. Things not understood are neglected or condemned and their latent value is never developed. It was late in May when the work was well-nigh done. The spring-time had blossomed into the glory only known to the midland prairies. The winds from the south, the storms from the northwest and the gentle rain showers from the east had united in clothing the earth with beauty.

The gardens about the conservatories were radiant, and all unmindful of the famishing little life within the glass houses, the flowers laughed back at the laughing sky, the birds with many a flirt and flutter of flashing wings built their nests, and the tree-tops sang a song of peace and joy.

When Wilkins at last found time to lift the wonder plant she was all but dead.

"Oh, if he only knew how hungry I am for the sunlight, for the hot, level rays in my face, my eyes, shining into my very heart—oh, if he could only know!" she sighed.

But he did not know. She was placed in the shadow of a young elm which daily spread its branches, thus cutting off the sunlight gradually.

This, however, was better than the greenhouse. Taking new courage,

the wonder plant, long since forgotten by the rose and fuchsia in the selfish joy of their new lives, sent up exquisite, delicate spikes of leaves and the flower bud began to grow.

One morning of midsummer the bud unfolded.

"My eyes!" exclaimed a tall larkspur to a gorgeous mermet. "Who is that?"

"Whose breath blew in my face?" asked a purple dahlia of the wind that had just kissed the new flower.

"Poor little flower!" sighed the wonder plant in pity. "What a superb creature you might have been if I had stood where yonder hollyhock grows."

When Wilkins found it he was surprised and delighted. The blossom was small, but of exquisite sweetness and as delicate as a blush rose. It was perhaps too pale. Its fragrance was delicious.

The plant began to assume importance in his eyes, and to insure another blooming he decided to give her a better location.

Her heart ached with happiness when she found herself at home in the full sunshine. Now she would grow. Now she would live. Now she would fulfill her mission. But—what ailed

her? What heavy weight and pain dragged at her heart?

"Too late!" she moaned to the night wind. "I have been dwarfed too long, my powers have been crippled, my very life-blood has dried up. But oh, to bloom just once again, to live fully once before I die!"

Her wish was granted. One fierce day of August, when even the sturdy canna looked wilted and dusty, Wilkins stood transfixed in wonder at her side. A great spike of blossoms with waxen petals the shades of the deepest color of a sea-shell and long white stamens smiled up at him. Nothing like it had ever been seen on the prairies. The child of a southern sun, bursting into life and fragrance in an Iowa garden, was a marvel Wilkins had never dreamed of.

For more than a week the place was full of visitors. Then the petals fell suddenly. The leaves of the plant shriveled and dried. When Wilkins examined the root a month later it was dead.

Pushing back his hat he stood regarding it a long moment, then said slowly: "If I had only known—had only been able to understand!"

At his elbow stood Fate howling and dancing in mad glee.



Boys and Girls

THE HARD MASTER.

BY ABBIE C. M'KEEVER.

HERE Tom, you're to take this to—it is a long ways and you will have to be spry, for I've a number of other places to send you yet to-day."

"Yes, sir," said the boy, extending his small hand for the package, while he buttoned up his thin coat closely with the other.

"Don't waste a minute. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," replied the little fellow, and away he ran.

He was back in less than an hour, nearly breathless and quite purple with cold.

His handsome young master sat at his desk busily engaged in writing, but he heard the boy come in.

"Tom."

"Yes, sir."

"You are to take this down to Mr. Simpkins on Fourth and Main. Tell him I want an immediate reply. Now hurry!"

"Yes, sir."

But the child lingered an instant near the warm register.

"Why do you wait?" demanded his master sharply. "You must keep warm by running; and when you come back you're to take a note to Miss Leland."

"Yes, sir," repeated the boy as he dodged out into the passage, his teeth chattering and his fingers purple and numb with the bitter cold.

"Cold, isn't it, Tommy?" said a pleasant voice. "My stars, my child, wait a moment, you're half frozen!"

"But Mr. Claire won't like it, he said I must hurry and keep warm—but it's awful cold, awful."

"Wait an instant, Tommy; I know your boss, he's mine too," said the young man gravely, "but there's an

old jacket of mine I can get and I think it will help to keep you warm, or at least from freezing. Here it is; let me help you on with it. Now, how's that?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the little fellow, "it's as soft and thick! Thank you Mr. Connors, you're awful good."

Then away he dashed down the stairs, while the young clerk he had called Mr. Connors, turned into his own room thinking:

"I suppose that's why he's sick and I'm poor—it's one reason at least. I could no more have sent that half-clad little child (he can't be more than ten) out time and time again, than I could commit murder—for it's not far from it. Poor little Tom! But I wonder what he does with his wages?"

"Here's the note for Miss Leland, Tom. You're to take it next, but as it's a little late—you've been so slow this afternoon—I suppose you'd better take a car. I haven't any change but a nickel, so you can walk back."

"Yes, sir," said the little fellow in a listless voice. He knew where he had to go now. It was far out on the hilltops, where the rich Miss Leland lived, his master's betrothed, as he shrewdly surmised, owing to his frequent commissions to her beautiful home. But the walk back! And he was tired and cold, oh, so very cold!

Miss Leland herself was passing through the hall in her trailing silks, when the little errand boy entered with the note.

"For me?" she enquired, smiling as she approached and held out her white, beautiful hand.

"Yes, mam," said the boy hoarsely, then Miss Leland glanced at him quickly.

He was very pale, a peculiar blue paleness that revealed how cold he was, and his large dark eyes looked out from his small childish face in a dazed, strange way. Even as he stood in the warm lighted hall he shook from head to feet.

Miss Leland gave one earnest glance down into his face and the next moment she had caught him up in her arms and carried him into the parlor.

"Father!" she cried, in alarmed tones, "come here at once. This child is freezing, dying."

An hour later, sleepy little Tom peeped out from his nest of blankets wonderingly.

"Mother!" he whispered, then louder, "Mr. Claire!" The last name he spoke as if in terror and he tried to rise, but a gentle hand was laid upon his head and a voice said:

"Lie still, when you are a little better and have had a nice warm supper you are to be taken to your mother."

"But Mr. Claire will discharge me, I know he will, he never forgives nothin', and—and there's mother and Mary."

"Don't worry about that, Tom—for that's your name, isn't it? I'll speak to Mr. Claire and it will be all right."

And such a thing befell the little errand boy as certainly never had before. He had a nice hot supper, was wrapped in a fur robe and put in a fine carriage with Miss Leland, and driven home like a real live prince, which he half believed himself to be.

It was a long drive, but Tom talked fast, and he got over the most ground. He told all about his mother and little Mary—whose main support he was, though his mother sewed late and early. But there was the rent and if he did get three dollars a week he had to pay two for their one room.

Then he told about the other clerks, some of them that had to him seemingly, such splendid salaries, and at last he spoke of one in particular.

"He's the best fellow in the world," said Tom, rapturously. "He's got a widowed mother, same as me, he has,

an' he made me put on this here jacket. I'd never kep' a goin' as I did if it hadn't been for it. But——" and the child hesitated.

"What is it?" queried Miss Leland, softly.

"I don't believe Mr. Claire likes him—or some of his ways."

"Why?"

"Oh, one day I happened to hear Mr. Conner telling him about some of his tenants, real nice folks he said, as was sick an' couldn't pay their rent. Then Mr. Claire looked at him as black as thunder an' said it was none of his affairs, and that the rent must be forth-coming."

"And Mr. Conners?"

"He never said 'nother word; just flushed up a little and—and I always believed he paid the rent himself, that time, 'cause I know the family didn't move."

"Is this where you live?" enquired Miss Leland.

"Oh, yes, indeed. What will mother think. But oh, if I lose my place!"

"You'll get a better one if you do. Good-night, Tom!"

"Good-night, Miss Leland!"

"Why didn't you return to the office last night?" inquired Tom's master sharply, when he came softly through the door the next morning.

"I—I couldn't," stammered the boy. "I was so cold and ——"

"That's enough. I don't employ invalids. Here's your week's wages."

"Oh, Mr. Claire!—my mother!"

"Must teach you to be of more account. I can easily supply your place. Boys are thick enough."

Silently, with tears rolling down his face, Tom took the three dollars extended toward him, and went out from the presence of his master, who quite forgot him the moment he disappeared. It was Mr. Claire's way.

But that night, when he stood in the presence of his beautiful betrothed, his memory of his little errand boy was vividly recalled.

"I—— you astonish me, utterly astonish me. What is the meaning of

this?" he questioned in an amazed voice, as he looked down at the handsome ring laying in his palm—a ring lately worn by Miss Leland.

"It means," she explained in a cold voice, "that a man who abuses children would very likely abuse me—if he had the opportunity. You sent your boy here last night half frozen. You had not even given him time to warm all day, as I learned, or enough money to pay his car fare home."

"Ah!" said her lover indignantly, "so you believe all those lies!"

"Stop!" she cried, "not another word! I carried him half dead into the presence of my father. We called for help and saved him, or, as truly as I live, you would have been his murderer. Don't say a word! You know the child's honesty as well as I do. Innocently he let me into a number of your transactions that I have been suspecting for some time. A man without a heart, without principle, I will not marry. That is all. Farewell."

Tom has a new master now, a boss

after his own heart, whose errands he runs willingly, sure that if he does the best he can he will not be reproved; and sometimes he carries notes and flowers to Miss Leland.

"It's awful funny, but it's true," he confidently tells his mother.

As he grows a little older and is promoted, he begins to understand and laughs quite gaily as he explains it to his mother.

"It all comes about through me an' that cold night. I told her about the jacket an' how I liked Mr. Conner—how we all did; then what did she do but send Mr. Claire about his business—mighty stingy business it was too, generally—an' tell that rich old manufacturer of Mr. Conner and how good he was to me. I guess her old uncle must like boys an' good fellows, 'cause he put Mr. Conner in a splendid office, an' asked him to take me in charge. Wasn't it funny? Then she got to dropping in to talk to me—at first. I rather guess I'm number three now. He! he! But he's worth a thousand Mr. Claire's, so he is, an' deserves his good luck."

LIFE.

SONNET.

LIFE, wondrous mystery! endowed with breath;
 Gem-casket of whose lock Death holds the key.
 Uncertain transit 'cross a trackless sea
 Or highway finger-post that points to death.
 Record of thoughts ignoble or sublime
 That rise and fall with every throb of Time;
 The time to wage as soldiers true and brave
 The conflict of a day, an hour, a minute—
 By countless millions, born but to begin it;
 Ready for strife victorious, or the grave.
 A granted boon, treasured of all most dear,
 Yielded unwillingly twixt hope and fear.
 A halting march along Time's winding road
 Which ends within the justice court of God.

Marie M. Pursel.



NEEDLEWORK FOR LINEN



FASHION AND NEEDLEWORK

Edited by Marion Alcott Prentice.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

NOT even during the Elizabethan period of fashion were women's necks so wrapped up as they are now. There is a perfect frenzy for throatlets, and some of them are really very pretty. They are admirably becoming to ladies whose beauty is on the decline, for they conceal the throat, which is generally the first part of us to show time's hateful finger.

Even young people, however, look pretty with one of these ruchings round the neck, especially if they are made of some soft color, as pink or green, when the face looks as if it were issuing from a nest or bunch of flowers. Some are fastened by a hugh bow at the back of the neck; others are fastened by bows, with long, drooping ends falling in front.

Fur Medici collars, issuing from an immense *tour de cou* of flowers, are amongst our latest novelties in this part of our toilette. Others are made of rubans of two different colors; others in white or colored chiffon, with bows of black velvet ribbon peeping here and there among the folds. Black chiffon also makes very pretty throatlets.

By-the-bye, Medici collars of lace for evening wear are made in points, and surround the neck and head like a star.

They are very pretty on long necks.

Rich embroideries are and will continue to be largely used on handsome day and evening gowns.

Ribbons were never more beautiful

than at the present, and will be extensively used in the decoration of spring costumes.

Plain cloth, muslin, or silk gowns can be made wonderfully pretty by the liberal use of ribbons; and a gown which begins to show slightly worn places can be given a new lease of life by their judicious disposition.

Evening dresses, like day dresses, may be as simple as taste may prompt, as it may be as rich as purse will permit. But there seems no limitation to the luxury of lace trimmings. Lace has become a real passion. We are not quite or a par with the *élégantes* of a couple of hundred years ago, when a hundred yards of lace were required for a set of collars and cuffs; but with our present bretelles, jabotes, neck ruches, etc., we are not very much below the mark.

Black predominates over all other colors at the moment, and seems likely to continue in vogue throughout the spring.

The importations of new fabrics are largely made up of solid black, and black and white mixtures with liberal sprinklings of fine dashes of color in the Irish, English and Scotch suitings, thus giving a pleasing variety for all ages and occasions.

It is predicted that capes will be worn by women, girls and misses this spring. Jackets will also hold their own favor.

Long cloaks will be the favorite garment for evening wear over theatre costumes, etc. and may be made of any handsome light-weight cloaking, silk, or velvet.

TEA-GOWNS AND JACKETS.

The most salient feature of the newest tea-gowns and déshabillés is the long stole pleat on either side of the

scope for variety; the first essential of the dress is that it should be easy, loose, or nearly loose, and falling in soft folds, unbroken by a seam joining the skirt to the bodice, from the neck



FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

front, falling usually from the bust, and very often gathered after it has been pleated in order to reduce the width of the pleat, especially when this is both broad and deep. In other respects there is no great novelty in the general outline, and there is in fact very little

to the feet. In the ornamentation and details of tea-gowns there are many fascinating novelties, and no material is too rich or beautiful for the purpose; given rich fabrics and exquisite colors stylish tea-gowns may be readily produced.

A lovely gown may be made in copper-colored silk, velvet or plush, with full front of the palest water blue silk crepe and deep collar and sleeve ruffles of tinted lace. The bows on

ered where they are joined to the square yoke concealed by the lace collar. The long sweeping pleats at the back, so becoming to the figure, are also mounted on the yoke, thus obviat-



FIG. 3.

the sleeves and at the waist may be black or in a deeper shade of copper. The stole pleats in this model are not very deep, and are only slightly gath-

ing the clumsiness that would result from carrying them up to the neck.

Tea-jackets are quite as stylish as gowns, and some of the pretty models



FIG 4

are worthy of notice. One especially dainty is of chiné silk with the ground in a lovely shade of pale green, and opens in front over an accordion-pleated plastron and basque of palest pink chiffon; lace flounces fall over the turned back revers, and the sleeves, gathered up at the seam, are finished off with deep lace ruffles. The back of the jacket has a group of fine pleats down the center and at the side seams

which run up to the shoulder. A draped collar of chiffon and bows of satin ribbon complete the model.

* * *

STYLES FOR CHILDREN.

Coats and outdoor garments for very little girls are still made quite long, and it is funny to see how early the instinct to save the skirt from contact with a muddy pavement is developed; the frock is lifted, not always in the most effectual manner, but always with the best intentions, disclosing dainty little embroidered petticoats and tiny legs comfortably gaitered, which might just as well be left to trot along unencumbered by long skirts. However, fashion has decreed that the frocks and coats are to be long, and after all the children look so pretty and sweet in their long frocks and little close-fitting hoods that no one is in a hurry to alter matters.

Most charming of all are the costumes and bonnets made in white and trimmed with beaver or otter fur; every kind of material in white is employed; thick soft woollens, plain and fancy cloth, felt-like serge, velvet, plush, silk, anything in fact, whether cheap

or dear, provided it is white, is permissible for children's clothing up to six or seven years, after that age red, blue, dark green, and beige and brown in every possible shade are the colors chiefly worn. Looped materials in imitation of astrakhan, plain velvet and ribbed velveteens are also much used and made stylish costumes for girls of all ages.

The long frocks and coats for young

children are generally mounted on a very deep yoke or short bodice; the skirt is usually plain at the edge, but a fur border is sometimes added if the bodice and sleeves are trimmed with fur. In many cases a kind of corselet in lining is joined on to the yoke, and the pleats of the skirt are tacked to this as far as the waist, to prevent clumsiness under the arms and give the little frocks a semblance of fitting.

After seven, short skirts distinct from the bodice, which ends at the natural waist line, are the rule. The skirts are plain and round, neither gored nor in bell shape, both of which styles require a more fully developed figure to look well. The bodices may be lined with silk or with thin flannel for warmth; the skirts are also sometimes lined and stiffened at the edge by inserting a four inch wide bias band of tailor's canvas between the material and the lining.

Long coats are decidedly more stylish for little girls than short jackets; the Empire coat mounted on a yoke, with wide bishop sleeves, is the best shape and the one most in vogue, but coats with diagonal fastenings, and with single and double capes are also much worn. Many of these are ornamented with cloth appliques, in fanciful designs, others are trimmed with braid or fur. A specially pretty and novel coat for a girl of seven is of flecked beige cloth; the front and back are each mounted in three box-plaits on a deep pointed yoke of plain beige cloth, with sharply pointed revers of the same cloth turned back on either side, leaving an opening at the shoulder for the big puff of the sleeve. This part is made of the flecked cloth, the tight lower part of the plain cloth. The collar is cut with the yoke and finished off with fur.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

FIG. 1. House dress for a young lady made of nut-brown cloth, machine stitched, and adorned by an elegant collar of fawn-colored silk, braided with fine brown silk cord. Girdle and high collar also made of the silk and



FIG. 5.



FIG. 6.

finished by two large silk covered buttons and tabs.

FIG. 2. Pictures a stylish model which will develop nicely in crépons, taffetas, etc., and by the use of chiffon and ribbon will be quite dressy enough for informal dinners, and small social gatherings. The skirt is cut in the popular four-gored pattern having four godets in the back-gore. The surplice bodice is arranged over a fitted lining, and the puffed sleeves are mounted upon coat sleeve linings.

If desired the linings may be smoothly faced below the elbows and finished at the hands by a frill of chiffon, or cut short as pictured. A butterfly drapery is arranged over the shoulders and a soft puff of chiffon. Folds of the same and rosettes are arranged in the V-shaped neck. Girdle, rosette and long ends of ribbon round the waist.

FIG. 3. Street bodice for a young lady made of heavy cloth. Slightly rippled collar, gigot sleeves, button decoration. A useful garment for early spring.

FIG. 4. Walking costume. Skirt of check tweed in brown and mixed colors. Bodice of brown cloth with gathered fronts open over a waistcoat of blue silk and fastened at the waist with two buttoned tabs. Cloth sleeves. Torador hat trimmed with feather pompons.

FIG. 5. Elegant toilette made in dark brown cloth. It is a Princess dress with a bell skirt, trimmed round the hem with a narrow band of silk and three jet cords. Three quarters of the way down either side of the skirt is a pointed band of jet trimming. The bodice is trimmed down either side with a gathered piece of silk, which is made into loops at the neck and waist. Between this is a band of jet trimming finishing in a point half way down the skirt. The back of the bodice is cut without a center seam. Straight collar edged with jet. Gigot sleeves of velvet, trimmed with jet at the wrists.

FIG. 6. Handsome tea-gown. This model will develop well in soft fine wools, silks or muslin. The lace decoration is particularly graceful.

The lining of the gown is cut Princess shape, as is also the outside portions of the back and sides. The loose front is arranged over the linings and the closing made at the left side, by means of hooks and eyes, under the large collar, the ends of which terminate under rosettes of ribbon. The yoke and standing collar are prettily tucked, as is also the foot of the front portion of the skirt above the flounce of lace.

* *

FIG. 7. Dress of fawn-colored cashmere and silk shot with green. Yellow guipure shapes mounted upon lavender velvet. Sash and collar of velvet ribbon completes the toilette.

* *

FIG. 8. Blouse waist of turquoise blue velveteen, trimmed with points of cream-colored guipure. Double epaulettes at the shoulders. Girdle and collar of cream-colored silk.

* *

FIG. 9. Ladies' dressing jacket made of white flannel and trimmed with crocheted silk edging and silk feather-stitching. Belt of ribbon. This model develops nicely in nainsook, percale, lawn, etc., and may be similarly decorated with embroidered edgings or lace and fancy stitchery, or narrow tucks.

* *

FIG. 10. Chemisette jabot made of yellow crape arranged upon a yellow silk foundation, fourteen and one-half inches long by ten inches wide. A strip of crape thirty-nine inches wide, plaited as seen, being fastened to the lower edge of foundation, turning stuff under, the pleats held down below neck-opening by a puffed strip two inches wide, going across and hiding place where crape flounce four inches deep, gathered up close, is set on, the edge being formed of selvage. Stand-

ing collar of plaited crape, trimmed with two large rosettes and fastened at the back.

* *

FIG. 11. Cape for theatre wear, made of white cloth and trimmed with swansdown, lining of rose-colored satin. Large bow of white satin ribbon. Circular shaped yoke to which the long cape is joined, broad band of swansdown hides the seam, and long pendants of the same drooping round the shoulders.



FIG. 7.



FIG. 8.

High collars also bordered with swansdown.

* *

FIG. 12. A ladies' jacket. It is made in brown cloth, tight-fitting at the back and ornamented by four straps of material. In the front it is made double-breasted and ornamented with two rows of buttons. Pointed revers and turn-down collar faced with velvet, leaving an edge of the material all round. Full gigot sleeves, stitched round the wrists.

* *

FIG. 13. Coat of suède colored cloth, the skirt long and slightly shirred onto the short-fitted bodice which laps far over to the left side. Four large buttons to match on the bodice. Gigot sleeve. Collar and revers of black velvet. Suède felt hat trimmed with ribbon and feathers. Suède cloth gaiters.

* *

FIG. 14. Dress of fancy striped silk; full skirt mounted with gathers on a plain bodice; sleeves with puffs at the shoulder. Lace epaulets and lace collar falling in a long point; velvet rosettes on the shoulders and at the waist.

For cotton fabrics this is a most desirable model. Pretty dresses for school wear can be made of woollens, copied from this mode, in which instance the lace should be omitted.

* *

FIG. 15. Frock in coral pink cashmere mounted with gathers at the edge of a full yoke of white pongee silk with collar to match. Drapery of pink silk round the yoke drawn up under knots of narrow ribbon. Sleeves with double puffs divided by a gauged band.

* *

FIG. 16. Dress of electric blue woollen; plain skirt with narrow bands of fancy galon marking the front breadth. Bodice open over a full chemisette and collar of ivory surah, and ornamented with revers edged with galon and crossed below the chest to end under rosettes of velvet. Sleeve with large puff.

DESCRIPTION OF FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. 1. Border suitable for house or under linen, to be worked in two colors of silk, linen or cotton.



FIG. 9.



FIG. 10.

Nos. 2, 3 and 4. Pretty borders designed for aprons and summer dresses, also desirable for house linens.

No. 5. Pictures two dainty toilet mats made of ribbons, with openings



FIG. 11.

filled in with fancy stitches worked in silks.

No. 6 Shows detail of mat illustrated at No. 5.

No. 7. Border in fine linen embroidery for collar and cuffs of night-gown.

No. 8. Corner for a doily in drawn-work, showing method of working.

No. 9. Border suitable for end of coarse linen towels or dressing-table cover.



FIG. 12.

No. 10. Design in fine braid for little girls dress or hem of child's coat.

No. 11. Corner of doily, worked in fine linen.

Nos. 12 and 13. Corner of centre piece worked in Brazilian embroidery. No. 13 shows detail of the work.

No. 14. The thick pattern lines are of cross-bar stitches, the curve tendrils of stem-stitch.



FIG. 13.

No. 15. Another choice pattern in drawn-work for corner of toilet mat, or doiley.

FANCY STITCHES AND THEIR APPLICATIONS.

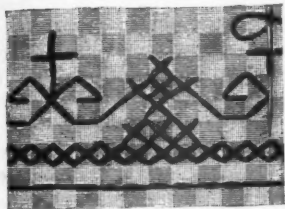
As far as fancy work is concerned it may truly be said that very often "things are not what they seem," and many a very beautiful cushion or sachet, with its rich embroidery, has for its foundation only a piece of inexpensive linen, a square of glass-crash, ticking or some dotted muslin. But until I made the experiment myself I had no idea of the fact that a piece of common

checked linen could be so adorned as to be changed from its humble usefulness to being a thing of beauty. The reason why glass-crash forms good foundation for many kinds of embroidery is that if you get a good quality—and the inferior kinds are not worth embroidering—the weaving of the squares is perfectly accurate, and so, without trouble of making any design or drawing any pattern, you have correct lines and checks which serve as a guide for your work. The blue and white, brown and white or red and cream or gray linens all serve as good foundations for the work.

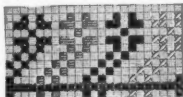
There are several ways of embroidering, as will be seen when I describe the illustrations, and the latter, be it remembered, by no means exhaust the



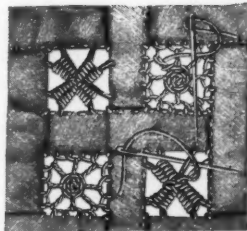
FIG. 14.



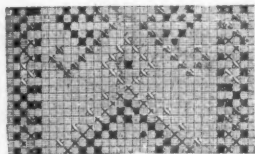
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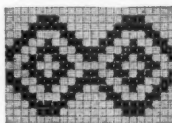
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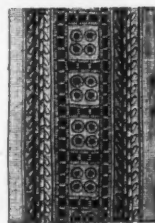
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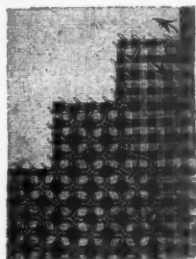
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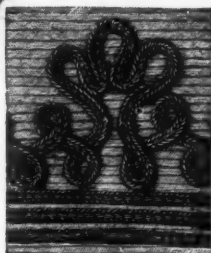
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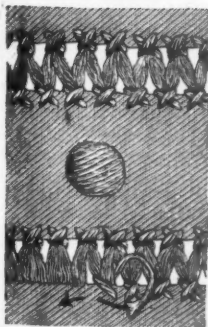
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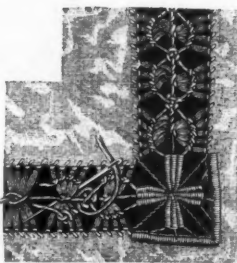
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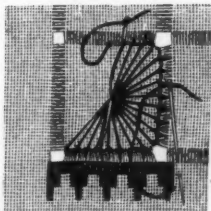
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No. 9.



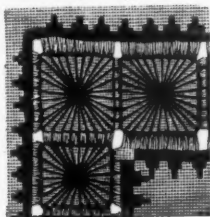
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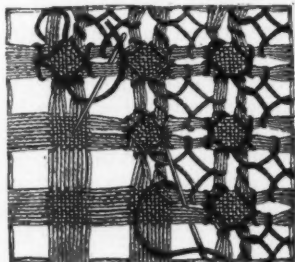
No. 12.



No. 14



No. 13



No. 15



FIG. 15.

various stitches and patterns that can be executed. They merely show a few ways of working, and any clever worker can, with the exercise of a little taste and skill, vary these examples to a very great extent.

The articles that can be made out of these embroidered linens are numerous. Cushion covers can be made quickly and will prove most serviceable for summer use, as they can be laundered often and kept fresh and dainty; table covers can be formed of the embroidery either solid or in stripes, associated with velvet or satin, if desired, or plain linen. Work-bags and tea-cosies are also pretty, and sachets, laundry bags, glove cases, etc., are much admired. For bed spreads this style of embroidery is capital, as one square can be embroidered at a time, and then they can be all joined to-

gether, thus securing the convenience of a small portable piece of work.

It is a matter of taste whether you will so embroider your linen as to completely hide its foundation or else leave parts of it to be seen.

Articles which will not be subjected to hard wear are pretty embroidered in chenille, gold threads, etc. But those designed for every-day service should be worked in wash cotton and silks. If cotton is used, choose that which is known as cotton filoselle; it can be had in many good colors and the effect obtained is pleasing, and at a very small price. Use tapestry needles with a sharp point or coarse crewel needles. Cut your cotton—do not break it, as that makes it thin—as



FIG 16



FIG. 17.

you find it on the ball, using the strand with its several threads and not dividing these.

However for real elegance and durability I would advise the use of silks, when one considers what a trifle the linen costs they can amply afford to use the best threads and those most suitable to the design.

Taste alone can guide the worker in the choice of colors.

It may be well sometimes to mix several colors, particularly if embroidering in crazy style, but usually several shades of one color is used or else two or three colors which either harmonize or contrast well. Black embroidery silks which, by the way, are so much in vogue just now, will work in charmingly in this style of needlework so do not neglect to lay in a generous supply when buying new threads.

Nos. 1 and 2 show how a very pretty stitch called Mexican stitch is done.

Use Roman floss and make one stitch at intervals, as you see in the first illustration. Do not pull the silk, and, on the other hand, do not let it lie too loosely. When you have done two rows of this, as seen at No. 1, then thread the needle with a contrasting color, and push it in and out head foremost, as seen in No. 2.

The reason for putting in the needle

head first is that if you put the point first it would probably catch in the thread.

In these illustrations the bars are done in black Roman floss, shade 2000, and the other stitches in coral pink.

No. 3. Is a bar done in simple satin-stitch, or, as it is sometimes called, "flat-stitch." The stitches are taken all side by side, each lying quite regularly and evenly.

No. 4. Shows small faggots, which are very effective when worked in rows. As will be seen, these are formed



FIG. 18.

simply by crossing four stitches, the last being the shortest.

No. 5. Is only buttonhole stitch done with two colors. The upper row is gold, the lower black, and by working the third in copper red a very rich tone is obtained. Two stitches are done in the bar formed at intervals, and in the second row the stitches go in between those in the upper row.



FIG. 19.

Asiatic rope silk is the most desirable thread for this stitch. No. 3 may be embroidered in either Asiatic twisted or filo silks with pleasing results.

No. 6. Shows the kind of dice patterns when only half the square is worked.

Other choice stitches and hints on their application will be given in another issue.

* *

BLOTTER WITH RACED LEATHER COVER.

Blotter seven and three-fourths inches long, by two and one-half inches wide, cover of dark green leather ornamented with raced leather pattern. Fig. 17 shows the design in proper size. The ornament is first traced on white paper over stout morocco, and outlines raced with a sharp-pointed pen-knife, about half the depth of the leather, which is then wetted at the back to make it easier to remove the upper layer with the knife, and the pattern appears lighter than the ground.

EMBROIDERED NEEDLE BOOK.

Outside of bag ten inches long by six and three-fourths wide, of basket canvas turned over in the middle, and embroidered in two colors, claret and black Roman floss, diamond divisions being made of long cross-bar stitches in three rows alternating in color and direction.

Radiating stitches meeting in the middle of the diamond which are ten threads high and wide, complete the embroidery, covered at the back with natural colored linen. Pockets inside, made of pieces of linen four and one-half by six and three-fourths inches.

Lining and embroidery caught together at outer edge with satin ribbon one inch wide.

Book fastened with bows and ends nine inches long.

Completed book illustrated at Fig. 19; detail showing method of embroidery given at Fig. 20.

NEEDLEWORK ON LINEN.

(See Colored Plate.)

SO many women find it utterly impossible to enlarge embroidery patterns correctly that they seem to derive little benefit from the choice things which come under their notice from time to time; and to all such we propose to extend a helping hand and give them a number of choice patterns during the coming year, of proper size, which will be a constant source of pleasure and profit to them. The method of transferring a pattern is com-

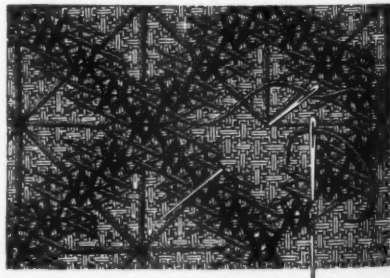


FIG. 20.

paratively easy and only requires ordinary care in getting the corners square, if it be a square design, and making the laps neatly and evenly, which a little practice will enable the worker to do.

A few sheets of blue transfer paper will be required; it can be purchased from any first class stationer or dealer in artists supplies. First, stretch the cloth upon which the pattern is to be traced out smoothly on a table or board, and tack it in place with thumb tacks—small gimp tacks will do—then lay a sheet of transfer paper upon the linen and upon this the pattern to be

fancy mat. White duck, linen, or twilled cotton may be used for the foundation, which is nine and three-fourth inches square when finished. The material worked upon should, however, be cut twelve inches square for convenience in embroidering and then the margin cut away when the work is completed. The waved lines at the fourth scollop from the corner of the design indicates exactly one-fourth of the pattern, and by following the directions given for transferring patterns the reader can easily copy this design upon numerous pieces if desired.

The edges are prettily scalloped and

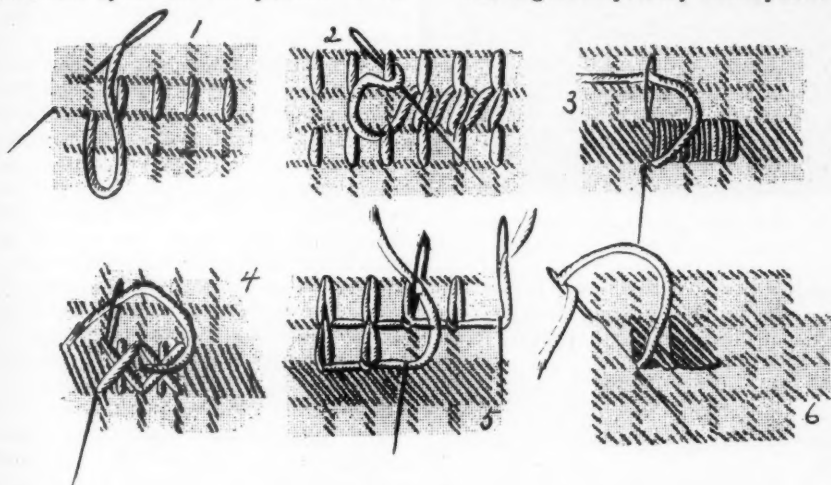


FIG. 21.

copied. With the point of a smooth, sharp-pointed object, a bone or steel knitting-needle will answer nicely, go carefully around the outlines of the pattern, lift the copy and transfer paper and a clear tracery of the pattern will be found upon the fabric.

Before attempting a large pattern it is well to try a small object upon some waste material so that the worker may acquire the proper touch to reproduce the outlines clearly.

* *

DESIGN FOR DOILEY.

The illustration gives a handsome pattern for a doiley, or it may be used for a small center-piece or

may be embroidered in satin or button-hole stitch as preferred; either will make a firm edge which will resist the wear and tear of laundering. Use Asiatic filo, pure white, for the edge and a rather heavy strand in the needle; for the flower forms a delicate shade of lemon yellow, working in long and short stitch. See description of stitch in January issue. The flower forms are outlined by a thread of Roman floss couched on; this, however, should be omitted if filo is used but greatly improves twisted silk embroidery. The anther-like forms are worked in stem stitch, and the points in satin stitch, a shade darker. The center of the form is finished by a cluster of French knots.

IMITATION BOBIN LACE.

BY N. E. FELLOWS.

Make a chain the length the lace is to be when finished. If it is to be used for trimming underwear it is best to make each small piece for edging the different parts separate.

1st Row—One double crochet in every stitch of chain.

2d Row—Three chains, miss one double crochet, one treble in next

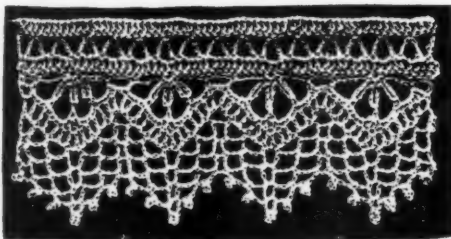


FIG. 22.

double, *two chains, one treble in same double, miss three doubles, one treble in next double; repeat from star to end of row.

3d Row—On double crochet into each treble and two doubles under each chain of two stitches of last row.

4th Row—One single crochet in each of the first three doubles *five chains, miss four doubles, one single in the fifth double, eight chains, one single in same double, eight chains, one single in same double, eight chains, one single in same double, five chains, miss four doubles, one single in each of the next six doubles; repeat from star to end of row, making it end with three single crochets, the same as it began.

5th Row—Four chains, miss two singles, one single into the next single, *four chains, one single into the first loop of eight chains, five chains, one double into second loop of eight chains, five chains, one single into third loop of eight chains, four chains, one single into next single, four chains, miss four

singles, one single into next single; repeat from star to end of row.

6th Row—Three chains, *four singles under chain of four stitches, one single in single, four singles under chain of five stitches, three doubles in double, four singles under chain of five stitches, one single in single, four singles under chain of four stitches, one chain, one single under chain of four between points, one chain; repeat from star to end of row.

7th Row.—Three chains, *one double in first of four singles under four chains, miss one single, one double in next single, miss one single, one chain, one double in next single, miss one single, one chain, one double in next single, miss one single, one chain, one double in next single, one chain, one double in double, one chain, two doubles with one chain between in next double, one chain, one double in third double, one chain, one double in next single, one chain, miss one single, one double in next single, one chain, miss one single, one double in next single, one chain, miss the single under chain between points; repeat from star to end of row.

8th Row—Five chains, miss two doubles and one single, *one single in next double, five chains, miss one double, one single in next double, five chains, miss one double, one single in next double, five chains, miss one double, one single in next double, miss four doubles between points, two chains; repeat from star to end of row, and instead of making the last five chains, make two chains, then one double into three chains at beginning of previous row, which will leave the last loop ready to start on the next row.

9th Row—Five chains, one single under five chains, *five chains, one single under five chains, five chains, one single under five chains, five chains, one single under same five chains, five chains, one single under

five chains, five chains, one single under five chains, one single under five chains of next point; repeat from star to end of row.

10th Row—The same as 9th row.

11th Row—Six chains, one single in second of six chains, one chain, one single under next five chains, *six chains, one single in second of six chains, one chain, one single under next five chains, six chains one single in second of six chains, one chain, one single under same five chains, six chains, one single in second of six chains, one chain, one single under next five chains, six chains, one single in second of six chains, one chain, one single under next five chains, one chain, one single under five chains of next point; repeat from star to end of row and the lace is complete.

NOVELTIES IN NEEDLEWORK.

A novelty in embroidery is always welcome. At an exhibition recently held some effects gained by fish-scaling the background were remarkable among many more elaborate things.

The process is a simple one and entirely familiar to embroiderers. The novelty lies in its application. The design is first worked, then all the space is filled with the scaling, and it is surprising how much the effect is enhanced by the fact.

A photograph frame was especially remarkable for richness and beauty, yet it entailed very little labor indeed. The pattern is a simple one of ribbon tied in knots with flowing ends. The material is cream-white satin. On this the entire work is done solid with gold-colored silk and is outlined with gold thread. The background is fish-scaled with silk like that used for the ribbon, and the whole frame is one of singular beauty.

Borders for table-covers, for scarfs and for various things are done in a similar way, and whenever the process is used satisfaction is sure to follow.

Time is such a valuable commodity in this life of ours that whatever economizes that and yet gives good results is to be hailed with delight. This treatment of the background accomplished both results, and once the hint is given is sure to be suggestive of a dozen good things. Like many another and more important fact in life, once the process is suggested the wonder becomes it was not thought of before. There is nothing difficult involved. There is nothing to learn.* It is only the old story of the fresh application of a familiar process.

SPRING FASHIONS FROM PARIS.

(See colored frontispiece.)

FIG. 1. illustrates a becoming model for a young girl's dress which will develop nicely in any of the fashionable spring suitings. The collar and cuffs are to be made of a contrasting fabric, silk, or velvet preferred, although plain cloth is frequently chosen. The ruching around the foot of the skirt, collar and cuffs is made of pleated satin, and the large rosette of satin ribbon. Navy blue and black, violet and tan, or a brilliant red and black combination would look charming. In the latter case I would suggest that red and black suiting be chosen for the skirt and bodice, red velvet for the collar and sleeves and black satin for the ruching. Hat of red felt, trimmed with black ribbon and *coq* feathers.

FIG. 2. Young ladies' toilette of plain zibeline cloth and silk, trimmed with narrow braid. The fashionable skirt is cut from robin's-egg blue cloth, also the bodice and sleeves. Soft folds of silk are arranged over the bust, which is most becoming to a slender flat form, and greatly improves a good figure. A narrow V of braided cloth is visible between the silk and over all is arranged a removable collar of cloth, daintily braided in fine black silk cord, with a high band edged with seal, and lining of seal colored silk.

The stylishly pointed cuffs are braided as are also the "Frenchy" pocket openings at each side of the front gore, from which long loops and ends of robin's-egg blue ribbon are arranged. A dainty toque is made of blue velvet and trimmed with clusters of white violets.

* *
*

FIG. 3. Represents another good model. The skirt is cut from dark green cloth and prettily edged with bands of fur. A blouse of dark green silk is arranged over a fitted lining and finished at the waist line by a belt of velvet ribbon. A stylish jacket is cut from the cloth, the collar and reverse faced with white cloth and edged with fur. Muff of the same. Hat of dark green felt trimmed with velvet ribbon and *cog* feathers.

* *
*

FIG. 4. Costume of pearl colored cloth trimmed with machine-stitching and buttons. The trim bodice is closed at the right side with a row of handsome pearl buttons and the leg-'o'-mutton sleeves and gracefully curved collar give an elegant finish. The skirt is arranged in plaits at each side gore and a strap of cloth and button ornaments the plaits at the top of the skirt. Five rows of stitching completes the hem. Hat of black velvet and swallows.

* *
*

FIG. 5. Theatre costume of nut-brown velvet, perforated cloth over corn-yellow satin and seal edging. The skirt is closely adjusted around the top and the foot is ornamented with a circular flounce of perforated cloth lined with satin, headed with fur. The bodice although rather odd is nevertheless stylish and needs no description as it could be easily copied. Toque of brown velvet, corn-yellow satin ribbon and small tips.

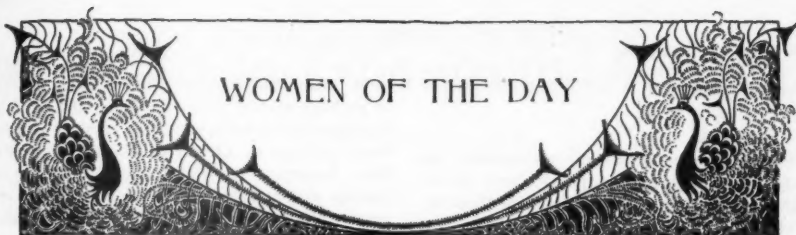
FIG. 6. Princess costume developed in heavy cloth with velvet sleeves, collar and belt. A graceful adjustment is obtained by well curved seams and the Frenchy style of buttoning on the front gore is very pretty.

Feather boa, and large hat profusely trimmed with ribbon and plumes completed this toilette.

THE COUCH FOR COMFORT.

A room without a couch of some sort is only half furnished. Life is full of ups and downs, and all that saves the sanity of the mentally jaded and physically exhausted fortune-fighter is the periodical good cry and momentary loss of consciousness on the upstairs lounge, or the old sofa in the sitting-room. There are times when so many of the things that distract us could be straightened out, and the way made clear, if one only had a long, comfortable couch on whose soft bosom he could throw himself, boots and brains, stretch his weary frame, unmindful of tidies and tapestry, close his tried eyes, relax the tension of his muscles, and give his harassed mind a chance. Ten minutes of this soothing narcotic, when the head throbs, the soul yearns for endless, dreamless, eternal rest, would make the vision clear, the nerves steady, the heart light, and star of hope shine again.

There is no doubt that the longing to die is mistaken for the need of a nap. Instead of the immortality of the soul, business men and working women want regular and systematic doses of dozing—and after a mossy bank in the shade of an old oak that succeeding seasons have converted into a tenement of song-birds, there is nothing that can approach a big sofa, or a low, long couch placed in the corner, where tired nature can turn her face to the wall and sleep and doze away the gloom.



WOMEN OF THE DAY

IT is not every woman who can boast of having contributed a word to the dictionaries.

Amelia J. Bloomer, after whom the Bloomer costume was named, is among the few who have this honor. Her death the other day, at the age of seventy-seven, recalls to the minds of many her appearance in short skirts and trousers and the ridicule to which she was subjected. However, to her great joy, she lived long enough to see her reform costume come into use, revived with the advent of the female bicycling craze, without rousing the visibles of the small boy, who once perpetrated the following couplet at her expense—

"Heigh ho! Carrion Crow,
Mrs. Bloomer's all the go.
Twenty tailors take the stitches;
Mrs. Bloomer wears the breeches."

While Lady Colin Campbell is editing a paper in London after a fashion that would do credit to a pushing American editor, Queen Marguerite, of Italy, has performed the audacious task of writing a series of critiques about Shakespeare's women. It is needless to say that hers was a labor of love. The heroines whom she talks about in a novel and strikingly original way, will be presented to the public bound in blue leather, decorated with small gilded crowns and the royal arms interspersed with golden Marguerites.

Miss Peaslee is an American woman who has started a new line of work, or rather it should be said new lines of work, for it seems that you need only say what you want and she does it. Her main object is to save time and annoyance. She guarantees to become, as you may desire, representative, secretary, intermediary, general purchasing agent for the household, the wardrobe, presents, souvenirs, etc., almoner, where investigation is desired or to give personal service, either on commission or at a fixed compensation. Altogether Miss Peaslee promises to be a boon to women who cannot occupy the time of a private secretary, but whose social duties otherwise suffer from lack of attention.

If we are to take the testimony of literary women, it would seem that their work is more conducive to health than that of their wholly

domestic sisters. Mrs. Lizzie Champney, who has tried college life, the making of books and the management of a household; Mrs. Margaret Sangster, who is the editor of Harper's Bazar; Mrs. Theodore Sutro, who was valedictorian of the first law class in the world, composed exclusively of women, and Dr. Grace Peckham Murray, who stands in the front ranks of her profession, are enthusiastic advocates of professional life for women. One of them in a recent interview recalled the story told of Maria Mitchell, the famous astronomer. Being asked if she did not think the delicate organization of a woman unfitted her for the irregular night hours that astronomy necessitated, she replied: "My mother has had more night work than astronomy will ever demand of any woman. She brought up eight children.

Hortense Schneider once an operatic queen the Dira of Offenbach, the originator of "La Belle Helene" and "La Grande Duchesse," and responsible in a great measure for their vogue and popularity, is now a stout old woman living in Paris on the fortune she accumulated in years gone by. Everybody likes her especially people connected with the stage in spite of an ever increasing disposition to economy bordering on avarice. She is never tired of referring to all her old beaux, the Prince of Wales, Alexander II. of Russia, and other titled gentlemen without number; in fact she boasts that the only two who remained insensible to her charms were the old Emperor William, of Germany, and his son, the late Emperor Frederick.

An interesting club has been formed in New Orleans by colored women to educate and improve the condition of their race. Mrs. F. S. Williams, an attractive woman of the quadroom type, the principal of a public school and President of the Colored Educational Progressive and Benevolent League, is at the head of it. Under her direction the poor are to be taught to sew, night schools are to be established, hygiene laws spread among the people and an anti-cigarette committee formed to exert an influence among the boys. Also a certain number of members will be appointed to read newspapers and magazines to find anything which may be printed for or against their

people and to present it for discussion in the club.

Horticulture should be an occupation expressly suitable for women, particularly where the hard rough work may be done for them by hired laborers and where the climate is so conducive to success as in California. Some fifteen years ago Mrs. Jennie Carr realized this and has since demonstrated what a woman can do in developing and conducting a fruit farm. Her's is in Southern California, where she has successfully grown almost every sort of fruit and nut known to commerce.

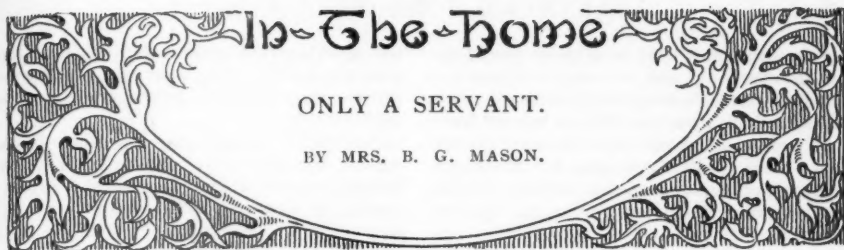
Again the vagaries of women! Maria Mitchell the noted astronomer who was not afraid of either thunder or lightning or tidal waves or comets was known to tremble at sight of a mouse. Elizabeth Taylor who is accounted an unusually plucky artist, who has made lonely expeditions into the far, far north, who has lived for months on a diet of dried reindeer meat and who was the first English speaking woman to cross the Vidda, a high barren plateau in Norway, confesses in weak tones to an unconquerable fear of sheep. She says they are uncertain, and that you never can tell what lambs will grow up to be.

Gertrude Atherton has written a new book which will be published shortly. It is called "Patience Sparhawk and Her Times." It is a

book without a plot, but it holds none the less or perhaps all the more the lesson of a life. In its pages it carries a woman a modern woman, from the age of fifteen to about twenty five. Mrs. Atherton knows women, no one better, and a well-known English editor says: "It may safely be predicted that this will be a flesh and blood embodiment of the new woman, whom she holds, is none the less a good deal of a pagan with primal elements in her still." The philosophy of the book is that if you want to achieve anything, happiness or satisfaction, you must live up to your ideals, whether good or bad.

It is doubtful if any woman in the world has been more written about than she, of the United States, and with a frankness too that leaves her little doubt as to the estimation in which she is held. M. de Varigny is the latest to proclaim her charms. He finds that she is beautiful, to analyze her character he calls her haughty, to dissect her brains he proclaims her intelligent. His summing up of the life of a young society miss in New York is also interesting—the first year—her debut. She observes and listens and holds her peace. The second is a year of experiments. She knows people and they know her, she imagines herself in love, she hesitates to choose. The third year is the decisive one—the climax. She has elicited a declaration from the man she desires for a husband. In the spring she is married at Trinity Church with a brilliant procession of eight bridesmaids.





WELL, I suppose I am a servant now, a hired girl, and for the rest of my life I shall have to cook, sweep, wash dishes, scrub, scour and do all sorts of disagreeable things that no one else wants to do. I wish I knew enough to teach, but I don't; or that I could get something better to do, but I can't; so I suppose I may as well settle down to \$2.50 a week and consider myself fortunate in these hard times to find anything to do. But I don't like to think that I shall never be anything but somebody's "hired girl." I don't mind work, but I'd like something more congenial. I can't bear to think of always living in the kitchen with pots, kettles and pans for my constant companions. I shall hear nothing but their clatter from morning till night, and my dreams will be nothing but visions of pots, kettles and pans suspended in the air or dancing around me on slender little legs like the "brownies."

How coarse and rough and red my hands will be! Oh, dear, what a miserable life I shall lead! It's hard to give up all my plans for study and improvement and come down to this. If it were not for mother and Flossie I'd go off to the city and seek some other employment; but, as dear mother says, I might not do so well. I wish I could be with mother and Flossie to-night! I don't believe I shall like Mrs. Reynolds; she looks as if she might be particular, and I don't like particular people. I am afraid, too, that I shall never be able to please her; she spoke pleasantly to me, though, and it was kind of her to inquire after mother. My room looks like a barn; it's so cold, and bare, and cheerless; what a disagreeable time I shall have these winter mornings dressing my hair. But, then, I'm only a servant and nobody will think me worth caring for.

It is just six years ago to-night since I sat down in that little attic room with a shawl wrapped about me and confided my homesick feelings to my journal, after which I crept into bed and cried myself to sleep. I felt very desolate that dreary, drizzly November night, but the next day I unpacked my trunk, piled my books on the little table against the wall, hung up a few familiar pictures and arranged the simple toilet articles and knick-knacks I possessed, after which the room began to assume a more

home-like appearance and my spirits rose accordingly.

If each housekeeper could but understand how much better contented, and consequently how much more valuable, a girl is with pleasant surroundings, she would see to it that her servants were provided with cheerful, comfortable apartments.

I was an ambitious girl, with a profound love for books and eager for an education. We lived in a small village, and during the long winter evenings father would draw up his easy-chair before the fire and read aloud to mother and me. Books of poetry and travel were our favorites. Mother would often lay aside her work and lie back in her chair, with her eyes fixed on the reader, as if she would absorb every thought, while I curled myself up in one corner of the sofa and fancied myself roaming with the authors in lands beautiful and wonderful. Sometimes a poem full of tender, helpful thoughts was read, and my whole soul thrilled with delight. I listened with the most intense admiration and appreciation to every word that fell from the lips of my beloved father. Thus my tastes were formed and my desires fostered. But father died before I was sixteen, and through some mismanagement the little property we owned, except the home, was swept away. This we tried to save. For two years we struggled along, mother and I. We did a little sewing, but 'twas no use; about every third woman in the village sewed for her neighbor. There were more nurses than patients in the community, and we could not keep boarders because nobody wanted to board. Then we tried seaming mittens and stockings, but this was hard work and little pay, compelling us to work early and late for the pittance we received, and mother was breaking down under the strain. There seemed nothing to do but for me to go out to service; it was the only avenue open, the only thing that I felt competent to undertake. I had been brought up to do housework, thanks to my wise, patient mother, and it now served me in good stead. We had many long talks on the subject before I ventured to look for a place, but hearing of a family in a neighboring town who were in need of a servant, I mustered my courage and applied

for the situation. Cold compulsion forced me out into the world, and there was nothing pleasant in the outlook, except the fact that I was doing something toward saving our beloved home and making life more comfortable for mother and Flossie. I liked cooking, but the rough work—cleaning out stoves, scrubbing, scouring and washing dishes—I detested, and the first few weeks of my life as a servant were very trying. It seemed so easy to help mother with the cooking and housework at home, but it was quite a different thing to be among strangers with the responsibility resting upon my own shoulders. Mrs. Reynolds was kind, and I did my best, but I often felt that my efforts were failures. Still, I was determined to succeed and never relinquished the hope of some day bettering my condition, although it did seem, many times, that life for me was but a weary round of toil.

I soon learned, however, that if I were quick about my work and planned intelligently, there would often be an hour or two of leisure in the afternoon; so when I had finished my regular duties I went to Mrs. Reynolds for further instructions, and her reply would often be: "Nothing more now till supper-time, Mary, but I should like to have you keep within call." How welcome the words! For I knew just what to do with every moment of those precious hours, and as the evenings were mine I felt that if health and strength were spared to me I might yet accomplish something.

There was a feeling of intense joy when I took off my big work apron, after the supper dishes were washed, drew up my chair before the kitchen stove, and settled myself for an evening's entertainment with my favorite authors. I learned page after page of poetry, which I repeated to myself when about my work. I sometimes so far forgot my surroundings as to recite aloud, and was more than once surprised to find Mrs. Reynolds an appreciative listener. I looked over my school-books, too, and brightened up many little points in my memory that I felt were getting a bit rusty. Mrs. Reynolds noticed with approval my fondness for books and study, and zealously encouraged what she called "a very commendable trait" in my character, although I afterward learned that it was purely from selfish motives, for, as she expressed it, "a girl of studious habits is always at home and easily reached if wanted."

Mr. Reynolds was wholly absorbed in business, and had little time to think of matters at home; his two sons were preparing for college at Creedmore, a few miles distant, being home only at night, and I confess to a feeling of envy sometimes when I saw them leave the house and realized how little they appreciated

the opportunity I so persistently longed for, but I knew my place as a servant and did not intrude my ambitious aspirations upon the family.

One day a visitor came—a philanthropic woman of wealth and education. She at once became interested in me, inquired about my family, my likes and dislikes, habits, etc., and gave me much good advice. When she came into the kitchen to say good-by after a three weeks' visit, she placed a five-dollar note in my hand and bade me use it in obtaining an education.

Things began to look brighter. I could see light ahead. I may yet be able to teach, I thought. Hope lightened the disagreeable duties, warmed and brightened my little room, and even glided, with the aid of hot water and soap, the much-despised pots, kettles and pans.

The superintendent of schools for the county was my Sunday-school teacher, and, like many another devoted servant of God, he interested himself personally in his pupils; and before I was hardly aware of the fact had learned of my efforts to better my condition, and offered to help me. Toward spring it was arranged that I should take up a certain course of study and recite to him two evenings in each week. My joy was unbounded, and I devoted all my spare moments to my books with the exception of the few hours I spent with mother and Flossie. The kitchen was my study, and as I reigned supreme there, its condition was a matter of pride. It was scrupulously clean, and it really looked better to me than any other room in the house. The windows gleamed like crystal; I polished the stove every day and kept my cooking utensils in shining array in the closets and cupboards assigned to them; and as for the floor, milady might trail her white robe across it without fear of soiling its daintiness. I had fallen in love with my kitchen and my work! I trained myself to think over some event in history, study out an example or parse a sentence while I washed dishes, made beds, ironed, swept, etc., and found the exercise very helpful. I also did a little writing and copying at odd times for my teacher in payment of his services.

During the second year of servitude there was a marked improvement in our affairs. Mother was regaining her health and strength. She rented the room I called mine and had two table boarders, but her duties were not irksome, and Flossie was a great help and comfort to her. My wages, too, had been increased to \$3.50 a week, and I poured my earnings into the common purse. Mother took care of my wardrobe, replenishing when necessary, and I made the old garments last as long as possible.

After three years of work and study we had

saved enough money to pay for a year's tuition at Hillsborough Institute, and immediately after graduating I was offered the school in my native village at a salary of \$400, which I accepted. Last year I was advanced and my salary increased to \$500. My prospects for the coming year are very bright: \$700 as principal of a school only four miles from home. The work is hard but the compensation is great, for the increased salary gives us so many comforts that our home is almost an ideal one.

As I look backward I can but feel deeply grateful for those years of service as a "hired girl." To them I owe much of my present success, and I would cheerfully live them over again, despite the disagreeable things, to attain the same end. Still, I think that I should have failed utterly, given up in despair, had it not been for my mother's tender sympathy and her loving words of encouragement. She it was who taught me the dignity of labor, and showed me that if work of any kind be taken up in the right spirit, much can be accomplished even by one who is "only a servant."

HOME AMUSEMENTS FOR CHILDREN.

BY G. K. PENFIELD.

COLD weather is such an enemy to outdoor sports, especially for children, that amusements suitable to the house must be adopted. Ball-playing is good exercise and is most suitable to outdoor play, but in the house is liable to become a rather dangerous pastime. Now, balls seem a necessary adjunct to a boy's life, so let him have them. Teach him to play polo in a miniature way, astride papa's cane, with another in his hand. Teach him he must not raise the ball from the floor, and the bric-a-brac, chandeliers, mirrors, etc., are safe. Ten-pins is another good house play, and even the elders will enjoy a game with the little fellow. How he laughs and stamps his feet each time he brings down the pins, and away he will scamper as the balls roll off as if on a vacation from their intended errand. Even football may be played in the nursery, and the whole body will gain in strength and subtleness as he learns to kick.

A little boy, tired of his toys—horses, Noah's ark and numerous other playthings having become alike distasteful for the time being—grew fretful and wanted something new, so we searched through our brains to invent something. Papa, having gone to the cellar to fix the furnace, noticed the pile of wood lying there, and taking an armful of the smoothest blocks, he brought them up to the nursery. The result was marvelous. They were not handsome, lettered blocks, nor even building blocks—simply pieces of wood ready to kindle the fire. But

they served the purpose. Houses were constructed, barnyards built, and finally I saw him taking his doll down the boardwalk to the beach on the window-sill, and even yet among his other toys the wood holds a most prominent position in his estimation.

Going to London-town is another famous nursery game. I fancy every little boy has gone to London-town—harness his pair of chairs together, have a back and a front seat (that always seems necessary). All his dolls and his sister and nurse must climb into the back seat, while with a flourish of his whip and a "cluck, cluck" to the "pair" they are off.

Often he goes to market, too, with his basket on his arm. He becomes a good judge of prices and tells me he pays \$3 for a dozen oranges. He runs errands for Mrs. Dolly, brings the doctor to the sick dolly and feels her pulse and watches his toy watch with a very wise air.

But the "concert" is the game which pleases him most. He always wears a bonnet while he is audience, and when his turn to perform comes he passes the bonnet on to the "next audience." His stentorian voice rings out with his little couplet, and he ends the performance with a most profound bow and an eager "Now it's your turn, mamma."

Caronella is a pretty little game, but takes an older child than those of which we have just written—a stick pointed at one end and with a little leather cup at the other, fasten a string half-way between the point and cup, at the other end of which is a woolen ball. The object is to toss the ball as far as the string will allow and as it falls catch it alternately first on the point, then in the leather cup. The little one will become quite expert in time and catch it every time.

Sometimes the storm outside makes things a little gloomy in the nursery, especially if the clouds continue to hang low several days in succession, and it is often necessary for the "big folks" to lend a hand to lift the gathering gloom inside. A capital way to entertain for an hour or more is to fill a tub, say a washtub, with water. This necessitates a trip to the kitchen. Whittle a little boat from a piece of kindling-wood, make one or two masts and run through a piece of paper for sails. Use a fan for the rising wind if bellows are not available, and watch the sunshine gleam from the little faces. How the tots will watch the miniature boat and plan trips across the "big water," and when bed-time comes we feel that our labor of love has not been time wasted as the tired, happy little fellow lays his head on the pillow.

Games for the nursery are innumerable if only some one will learn of them and teach the child how to play. Those mentioned are for every-day life in the gray days of winter.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

BY MILDRED M'NEAL.

No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

Lucile.

AMONG all our American poets Longfellow stands first in the hearts of the people.

Others may excel him, perhaps, in depth of thought or elegance of expression, but the sweetness and grace and tender sympathy of his poems have won and won lastingly that most fickle and uncertain of all things, the public favor. As the strings of a piano vibrate in sympathy with the clear tones of a singer, just so the chords of the world-piano, if we may call it so, vibrate in keen sympathy with his songs.

When a wee little girl I learned his "Children's Hour" to recite in school. It is fifteen years ago now, but as plainly as if it were yesterday the words come to me—

"Fair Alice and laughing Algernon,
And Edith with golden hair."

When I grew older and learned that these were his own little daughters and heard how he mourned the death of one of them, a sweet human sympathy for this great man, who was yet so human, sprang to life in my heart. It always draws us nearer to great people, and draws them nearer to us, to know that they are simply men and women like ourselves and capable of loving, mourning and suffering just as we do—only perhaps in a greater degree, as their minds are more finely constituted than our own. It was because Longfellow was so human, and yet so nobly human, that he has come so near to the public heart. His name is a synonym for dignity, sweetness and purity, and these characteristics of the man live and will live in his writings for the brightening and uplifting of mankind.

Owen Meredith says in "Lucile:"

"No stream from its source
Flows onward, how lonely soever its course,
But what some land is gladdened."

If this be true of one little rivulet, how much more will it be true of this great river of pure, sweet thought, flowing down through the years of our history.

I am a strong believer in the beautiful as a part of our education. Beautiful pictures, beautiful music, beautiful books and thoughts should constantly be brought into the lives of our children and young people. The picture and song may be only a little thing, but the sum of little things is a life, and if a life is to be pure its elements must be pure. Longfellow should

stand first on the list of young people's poets. Byron and a whole dozen others may be more brilliant poets, but Longfellow is always pure and true, and his poems will leave a tone, an impression, on the mind of the young that can never be effaced.

It is in his "Evangeline" that these characteristics of Longfellow stand forth most clearly. The tender story is beautifully and musically told, with a gentle dignity and a pathos that give it an individuality among all poems of its kind. "Evangeline" was read to us in the school-room years ago, when as children we cared very little for poems, but it helped to awaken in me a greater liking for the beautiful and ideal, and ever since then, when I go—as I like to go—out into the woods among the secrets of nature, the opening lines of the poem come wandering back to me with the rustling of the leaves:

"This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines
and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct
in the twilight,
Stand like the Druids of old."

And like an echo comes Evangeline's wail at the end of the song, when her long watch and search is over:

"All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the
sorrow,
All the aching of heart, and the restless, unsatisfied
longing,
All the dull, deep pain and the constant anguish of
patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to
her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her head and murmured, 'Father,
I thank Thee.'"

But Longfellow has done more for us than this. There is a conventionality even in poetry. It is a real relief in our prose-reading to get away from the ever-so-interesting hero or heroine of the nineteenth century, and live over with Glaucus and Ione their lovely Pompeian life, or follow with Ben Hur all the consequences of the one shattered tile falling from the house-top; and so in poetry we turn with delight even from "Evangeline" to poems that are less of an every-day caste. The Englishman reads, as he never read "Enoch Arden," the tales of ancient chivalry so charmingly set forth in the "Idylls of the King," and we Americans gladly turn from the broad beaten path of the poet to read the one original American poem—the cool, clear-cut, cameo-like "Hiawatha." It is full of bright bits of fancy, brilliant metaphors, and perfect descriptions of a wild, free life that is not too far away—nor near enough to be commonplace:

"'Twas an afternoon in summer;
Very hot and still the air was,
Very smooth the gliding river,
Motionless the sleeping shadows;
Insects glistened in the sunshine,
Insects skated on the water,
Filled the drowsy air with buzzings,
With a far-resounding war cry."

Even with a roaring fire on the hearth and the snow falling ever deeper out of doors, one can almost hear the sleepy, restful moving of the leaves on a summer afternoon and see the bits of light and shadow flecking the mosses and grasses of the forest.

Perhaps the finest bit of word harmony in all the song of "Hiawatha" is to be found in the opening lines of Hiawatha's wooing:

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman.
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows.
Useless each without the other."

It is not possible in a mere sketch to even mention the beauties of Longfellow's many short poems. All of them are pure, symmetrical, beautiful, like the character of their author, and many of them, like "Children's Hour" and "Voices of the Night," if we only knew it, are bits of his own biography. If we could pass beyond the mere words and rhythm of the poems to the soul behind them and the hopes and loves and memories that gave each one birth, what a deep fund of sympathy we should find with one who is already so near to us!

"Poets are born," it is true, but to a certain extent they must be "made" afterward, and as an illustration of what culture and growth will do to improve the natural bent of the mind, it may not be out of place to quote a little jingle that is credited to Longfellow's small-boyhood:

"Mr. Finney had a turnip,
And it grew, and it grew,
And it grew behind the barn,
And the turnip did no harm."

From the turnip to "Evangeline" is a long journey, with growth and progress and work at each step. Was the poet thinking of himself, I wonder, when he wrote:

"We have not wings, we cannot soar,
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time."

Step by step he has toiled up. He has reached the cloudy summits and has passed beyond them and we see him no more. But behind him, all the way up the height, he has left a shining pathway—"Footprints on the sands of time," and each footprint is brighter than the last.

READING AND A CULTURED MIND.

BY A. F. M.

WHO has not been made sad by seeing what is too often the case, the intellectual gulf between husband and wife? During their youthful days and the first days of their married life the young wife was capable of being a companion to her husband, could enter into all the subjects of interest to him. But with marriage too often her growth ceases. She either has not acquired a genuine love for books or persuades herself that she has no time for them. The husband's business, politics or local affairs brings him in contact with other minds. He is constantly gaining new ideas and keeps up with the world's progress through this and his newspapers, and as the years go on gradually grows away from his wife, while she does not even stand still. Nothing is truer than the fact that if we do not go forward we must go backward; there is no standing still. How often in my work have I assigned lessons to my boys and girls, and had them return to me the next morning with a sort of triumphant apology for their failure that "mamma didn't know anything about it; she said it had been so long since she went to school she had forgotten all about it;" and in many cases "mamma" had been a "sweet girl graduate" once upon a time! Is there no remedy for this? I answer yes—read. Read with a purpose. Take up some subject and spend months reading in that direction. You have no taste for reading? Then acquire it. No time? Make it. No books? Get them.

For several years I was teacher of English in a girls' school and had charge of the library. Often girls of sixteen or eighteen years old would declare their distaste for reading when put on the reading list, and I adopted this plan: The teachers of Jewish, Grecian, Roman, English, French and American history were required to assign to each pupil in her class a book to be read in connection with and bearing upon the subject, sometimes fiction or biography, or both, as she judged best. Often, instead of the regular lesson work, some pupil would entertain the class with a recital of what she was reading. Did this awaken interest in good literature? I answer you, it did in every case. One girl, who told me she had never read a book in her life, afterward wrote me, saying: "I have read fifteen books this year." Again, they learned to economize time, and the twenty minutes between the supper-bells was used to good advantage by girls who had no time. May not the wife and mother, she whose hands are full of household duties,

also find a plan by which to enjoy books, and feel that she is not shut out from the lives of husband and children, but may economize time and give her sympathy, her heart and her mind to their pursuits? Have you children? Read with them. Interest yourself in their works and lead their young minds into correct channels of thought. If your child is studying American history at school, what better plan than to lay out a course of reading for the winter, and in the evening, while you darn and mend the little garments, let your girl or boy spend one hour in reading aloud to you Irving's "Columbus," his "Life of Washington," "Evangeline," and hosts of others to choose from, each in its turn as the subject is reached, you explaining or discussing it with him while he looks up the references or locates the places on the map? You will be benefited, and to your child a new meaning, a new interest, will be given to an otherwise dull study. Have you no children? Then why not the husband read aloud while you sew? A young married couple who had not enjoyed good educational advantages formed the plan of reading one hour together each evening. A course was laid out at the beginning of each year, and strictly adhered to, and to-day they are well known in their community for their culture and information. But how is one to have books? In these days books are cheap. Get up a fund for a circulating library in your neighborhood, work through the school-children and neighbors, get them interested, and soon a good collection may be placed in some corner in the village—in the school-house, if nowhere else. It can be done. If you are in earnest you will find time and books, and home life for the husband and children will be more attractive, while the mother will grow rested and be kept young and fresh because of this new channel of thought, this new interest in life.

How can one bear to grow old with no store of bright thoughts gleaned from good books, no love of reading to help them through the long sad days that must come, when they have outlived the companions of their younger days? I know a bright, cheery old lady of eighty who delights her relatives and friends with her visits. She is never garrulous, but her conversation is crisp and entertaining, full of information and fresh and delightful. The secret? She said: "Since I have been grown I have never let one day pass without going to my room and spending one hour, at least, with my books and papers."

I have these four reasons for being a total abstainer: First, my health is stronger; second, my head is clearer; third, my heart is lighter; fourth, my purse is heavier.

CHESTNUTS AS FOOD.

BY MRS. S. H. SNIDER.

COMPARATIVELY few housekeepers are aware of the delightful possibilities of the chestnut, yet owing to its valuable nutritive properties as a food it is well worth experimenting with. It may be served in so great a variety of ways that one need never be at a loss for some use to put it to on the dinner-table. It may be served as a soup, as a dressing for turkey or rabbit, as a side dish, as a pudding, and with the fruit. Used in the latter way it is said to be an excellent aid to digestion. The following recipes may prove useful where chestnuts are plentiful:

CHESTNUT SOUP.—Boil the chestnuts slightly, just enough to make it easy to peel them, pound up six ounces of the chestnuts and put in half a pint of water, add a small onion and a little celery, and cook together until the vegetables are thoroughly done, then add half a pint of milk, a little chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, and cook a few minutes longer. Serve hot with croutons of fried bread. These quantities are only sufficient for two persons.

CHESTNUT SOUP No. 2.—Remove the outer skin from the chestnuts and boil them in salted water, with a handful of coriander seeds and a couple of bay leaves. When thoroughly done pound the chestnuts in a mortar, adding now and then a little stock quite free from fat. When a smooth paste is obtained fry an onion in butter to a light brown, add the chestnut paste and sufficient stock to make the soup of the right consistency, add salt and pepper to taste, half a teaspoonful of white sugar, then pass the whole through a fine sieve and serve very hot.

SALTED CHESTNUTS.—Remove the skin from the chestnuts and boil them until quite tender, drain off the water, put a tablespoonful of butter in the pan, sprinkle the chestnuts slightly with salt and shake them around in the pan until dry and mealy. These are very nice in place of salted almonds occasionally.

ROAST TURKEY STUFFED WITH CHESTNUTS.—Remove the sinews from half a pound of lean veal and the strings from half a pound of leaf-lard, chop them separately very fine and put into a mortar, season with salt and pepper and pound vigorously for five minutes; moisten with two tablespoonfuls of broth or gravy and add four dozen chestnuts peeled and boiled till tender. Mix well together, then fill the breast and body of the turkey and roast slowly.

CHESTNUT SOUFFLE.—Peel the outer skin from the chestnuts and boil them in plenty of water with a bay leaf and a pinch of salt; when quite done remove the inner skin and pound them smooth in a mortar, with sugar and almond flavoring to taste. When perfectly smooth incorporate with them half an ounce fresh sweet butter and as many yolks of eggs as will make the mixture of the consistency of whipped cream; add the whites of the eggs after whipping them with a little sugar to a stiff froth.

COMPOTE OF CHESTNUTS.—Peel and boil about twenty chestnuts in as much milk and water as will cover them; when perfectly tender strain and mash them up with a tablespoonful of finely sifted sugar and a few drops of essence of vanilla, then pass them through a coarse tin gravy-strainer, when they will look like vermicelli. Have ready a quarter of a pint of whipped cream, so firm that you can mold it with a spoon into a neat conical form in the center of a glass dish, then strew the chestnuts thickly over it with the fingers, squeeze the juice of an orange around the base.

CHESTNUTS GLACES.—Spanish chestnuts are the best for this, but any good large ones may be used. Make an incision across the skin of each nut, place them on a baking-tin and put them in a moderate oven to roast; when done clean them from all skin and then flatten them with the palm of the hand; place each two together with a little apricot jam; next boil one pound of white sugar until a little will harden when dropped in cold water. Dip the chestnuts in the sirup, then lift them out carefully with a silver fork, rest them on oiled wire trays until the sugar has become hardened and cold, dish up in a silver or glass compote dish. Ornament with fern leaves and pink flowers. Prepared after this recipe chestnuts are delicious.

"THE UNSUBSTANTIAL FABRIC OF A DREAM."

BY MARY E. IRELAND.

IF it were but a few weeks or months, I could endure it better; but to look forward to death for five long years; oh, it is too terrible!" and the trembling speech gave place to weeping.

"Try to forget it darling; keep your mind so occupied with the sayings and doings of your young friends, your music, amusements and employments, that there will be no time to brood over it."

"I try all the time, mamma," replied the sweet plaintive voice, "but every pleasure is over-

shadowed. I cannot take interest in learning a language or any other new thing, for the thought is ever present that it will be of no use to me. People think me cheerful and lighthearted; they do not know that I am never free from the dread that haunts me like a spectre."

"There is no reliance to be placed in dreams, as I have given you proof time and again. Had the idea passed through your mind while you were awake, you would never have given it a second thought; then why should it, because you were asleep and probably lying in an uncomfortable position? Certainly a healthy girl like yourself, and possessing a well-balanced mind and even temperament, should be above superstition."

"It is not so much the belief in the dream, as anxiety, because I cannot keep it out of my mind. The face of Anna as she stood at my bedside and told me that I would die at twenty-one is as vivid as yours this moment; yet she died years ago. I fear the anxiety will prey upon me and I will die before the time."

"That, my love, would be proof that the dream did not come true."

"But we read of such deaths, mamma?"

"Yes, more's the pity that those who can have so many pleasant subjects to write upon, give occasion for suffering to persons whose nerves are not so strong as their own. We must strive to have the charity to believe that they are not conscious of doing harm."

This conversation between a tender mother and her only daughter—a loving, dutiful girl of sixteen years, was one of many similar dialogues and was given me by the mother for the first time to be used in this way, with the hope that it may comfort, should there be one reader tried as was this sweet, amiable girl.

Society, traveling, music, the arts, took their allotted time in her days with an earnest effort to maintain cheerfulness, that the pleasure of others might not be shadowed; but the thought of her dream robbed life of its sweetness and brightness, and her cheek of the bloom which perfect health, so far as one could judge, would have given.

The secret was kept by parents and daughter for the reason that they didn't wish to add to her burden by having it commented upon, and the parents agreed between themselves never to mention the case, should a fatal result follow, fearing it might affect others who were troubled through the "unsubstantial fabric of a dream."

For her parents' sake, the daughter tried to be cheerful as possible; and, with like unselfishness, they evinced no anxiety, but in the still watches of the night their hearts would ache at the sound of a suppressed sob, and the

mother would go to the room of her daughter and comfort her as only a mother can. Religious counsel was not wanting, for they were striving to walk in the straight and narrow path; but life was sweet to the girl; she longed to live.

The daily papers were watched by the parents, and sensational stories of dreams kept from her notice so far as possible; but visitors, not knowing the shadow which darkened her life, would, in jest or earnest, recount some evil dream which was said to have come true, and though only hearsay, the mother knew by the startled look in the daughter's eyes that the arrow, thoughtlessly sped, had struck home, and could only listen in silence, knowing that calling the superstition in question would bring forth more incidents in confirmation.

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The more expensive ones were covered with lovely silk, some with China silk while others were plain, richly embroidered with silk floss.

A handsome slumber robe intended to throw over the foot of the bed is of very sheer organ-die, showing tiny yellow chrysanthemums scattered over a white background. At regular intervals it is tied with little bows of yellow ribbon. Another has blue hair-bells strewn over white and has little bows of blue ribbon dotting its surface.

In the next booth were bags of all sizes and descriptions; dainty work-bags whose foundation was a large flat basket with a loose silk top drawn up with ribbons, cretonne darning-bags supplied with needlebook, needles, yarn, etc., scrap bags, shoe bags of linens, bound with braid and outlined with floss, laundry bags of white duck with the words "Cuffs and Collars" done in plain letters in silk and drawn up with ribbons or a white cord and tassel, and every other kind of bag imaginable.

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The designs used were maiden hair ferns.

Very lovely were the satchets of bolting cloth filled with dried rose leaves and finished at the top with lace.

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It was furnished with a full ruffle of the same. A small pillow and a carriage strap of the same, embroidered with blue forget-me-nots completed this pretty set which sold for seven dollars.

Very pretty little robes were of delicately tinted elder down flannels bound with ribbon and lined with soft silk of a contrasting shade.

Bootees of softest wool, cunning little sacks of cream, pink and blue flannel finished around the collar and cuffs and edge with seal-laps done in button-hole stitch, hoods crocheted of Victoria knitting silk and baby baskets lined most daintily with soft silks and sheer mulls and ornamented with yards and yards of baby ribbon.

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LATEST PARIS FASHIONS—ARTHUR

FOR DESCRIPTION



THUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, APRIL, 1895

PTIONS SEE PAGE 374.

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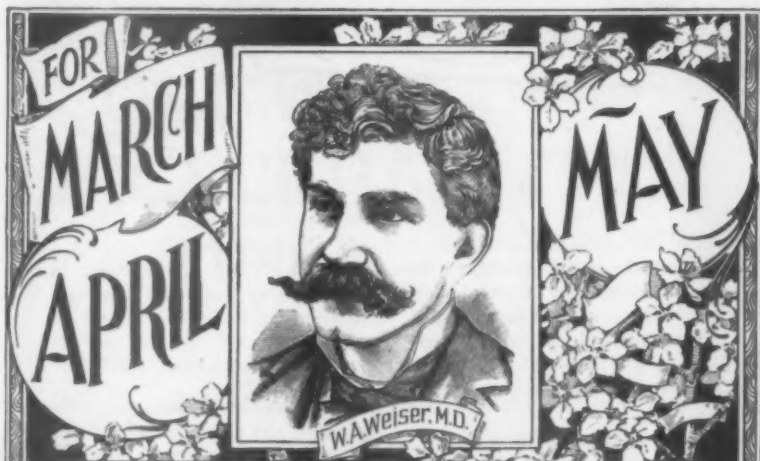
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AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

THE LEADER OF LEADERS

The Best **SPRING** Medicine

A POSITIVE STATEMENT FROM A WELL-KNOWN INDIANA PHYSICIAN

"As a physician and surgeon for 25 years, and knowing of people who have been cured of chronic diseases by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I indorse this medicine as superior to all competing preparations of sarsaparilla, either in this country or any other. As a Spring medicine, during the months of March, April, May, I know of no preparation that can begin to compare with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the leader of leaders."—W. A. WEISER, M. D., Bourbon, Ind.

AYER'S—THE ONLY—SARSAPARILLA

RECEIVING MEDAL AT WORLD'S FAIR

FOR
STOMACH,
LIVER, & BOWEL TROUBLES, TAKE

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS

HIGHEST AWARD
AT WORLD'S FAIR

Made by DR. J. C. AYER & CO.
LOWELL, MASS. U.S.A.



A MODERN MÆCENAS.

Painter—Then, sir, you wish me to compose some ancestral paintings for the country seat you have purchased. How many ancestors shall you require?

Wealthy Stockholder—You can paint me eight to start with. If I like 'em, I'll order some more.

SHE WASN'T SURE.

Mamma—What is Willie crying about?

Bridget—Shure, ma'am he wanted to go across the street to Tommy Brown's.

Mamma—Well, why don't you let him go?

Bridget—They were havin' charades, he said, ma'am, and I wasn't shure as he'd had 'em yet.

UNMOVED.

"It's no use," she said dejectedly, "I've simply got to suffer."

"What's the matter?"

"Young Mr. Slogo called last night. I endured his society patiently until in self-defense I was forced to remark: 'Really, Mr. Slogo, I'm very much afraid it is getting late.'"

"And what did he do then?"

"He simply smiled and said that women are naturally timid."

STILL BETTER.

"Out in Oregon," said a man from that state, "the air is so clear that you can see the peak of Mount Shasta, in California, from the peak of Mount Hood, in Oregon, a distance of 276 miles."

"Here in the east we can see much further than that."

"Oh come now."

"It's a fact. The moon is 240,000 miles away, but we can see it on a clear night."

HELPLESS THING.

Just as the papers say, there are a great many things a woman can't do—keep a secret, climb a tree, etc. Here are a few things a man can't do:

Take a pin by the head and put it into a cushion without pricking himself.

Light a fire in a cold kitchen-range without burning himself before he is through

Tie anybody's necktie but his own. Hold a baby.

Open a hot boiled egg.

Carry more than one item of memoranda in his mind at a time.

Find anything that he looks for.

THE POET'S REVENGE

"I've brought you a little thing of my own."

The Poet meekly said,
The Editor uttered a ghastly groan,
And shook his massive head.

"'Tis small, but so precious," the Poet sighed,

The Editor groaned once more,
He thought to himself that the Poet lied;

As poets has done before.

Then the Editor understood the jest,
But vainly he tried to smile;
He knew that the present his wife liked best

Was Pearline made by Pyle.

—The Kings' Jester

COLUMBIA BICYCLES



\$100.

The New Columbia Models have a lightness and dainty grace never attained in bicycles before. Greater strength, too. Get a catalogue at any agency; mailed for two 2-cent stamps. Tells of all Columbias; also of good lower-priced bicycles — Hartfords, \$80 \$60 \$50.

POPE MANUFACTURING CO.

BRANCHES: BOSTON.
NEW YORK.
CHICAGO.
PROVIDENCE.
BUFFALO.

GENERAL OFFICES AND FACTORIES: Hartford, Conn.



MENNEN'S Borated Talcum TOILET POWDER.



Approved by the Highest Medical Authorities as a Perfect Sanatory Toilet Preparation

for infants and adults.

Delightful after shaving.

entirely Relieves Prickly Heat, Nettle Rash, Chafed Skin, Sunburn, etc. Removes Blotches, Pimples and Tan, makes the skin smooth and healthy. Decorated Tin Box, Pinkier Top Sold by Druggist or mailed for 25 cents. Send for Free Sample. (Name this magazine.)

GERHARD MENNEN CO.,
Newark, N. J.

The Natural Body Brace

Cures Female Weakness, restores Health and Vigor.

After wearing your Natural Body brace for nine months, the most extreme and painful female weakness has vanished. MRS. JESSIE FISHER, Spruce Creek, Pa.



I have been afflicted with falling of the womb for 23 years, and have never had anything do help me like the Natural Body Brace has. I could not stand up long enough to wash dishes before wearing it, and now (after wearing it 3 months) I am cooking for a large family. I also help wash and do all kind of work.

MRS. LUCINDA FIELD, Oscar, Tex.
Money Refunded if Brace is not Satisfaction. Send for full information.
Natural Body Brace Co., Salina, Kan.
HOWARD C. RASH, Manager.

PENNSYLVANIA Railroad Co.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOURS.

WASHINGTON

A series of 3-day tours. Dates—March 21st, and at intervals of three weeks until May 23, 1895. Inclusive Rates, including accommodations at best hotels: New York, \$18.50; Philadelphia, \$11.50.

OLD PT. COMFORT

3-day tour will leave New York and Philadelphia March 7th, 1895. Rates, including all necessary expenses: New York, \$15.50; Philadelphia, \$12.50; also tickets returning via Richmond and Washington.

FLORIDA

A series of Jacksonville tours, allowing two weeks in the State of Florida, will be run March 12 and 26, 1895. Rates: \$50.00 from New York, \$48.00 from Philadelphia, including meals en route and Pullman berth on special train.

CALIFORNIA

A tour to the Golden Gate will leave New York and Philadelphia by magnificent Pullman train, March 20, 1895.

Detailed itinerary will be sent on application to Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York, or Room 411, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

J. R. WOOD,
Gen'l Pass. Agt.

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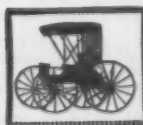
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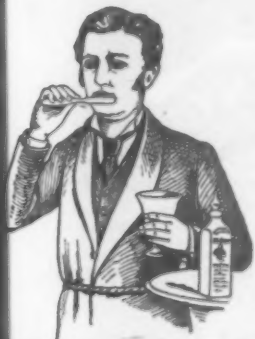


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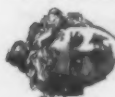
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Important: Air admitted in front barely enters neck of bottle, whence it is immediately drawn out again by baby. This may prevent nipple collapsing, but does not prevent wind-colic.



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FAIR FACES.**

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**POZZONI'S
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before going out. It protects, softens and beautifies the complexion, and then—it is inviolable if it is rightly used.

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Has discovered in one of our common
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He has tried it in over eleven hundred
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No change of diet ever necessary. Eat
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Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bed
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ARTHUR'S

HOME

MAGAZINE

ILLUSTRATED

APRIL

1895



ENFIELD-PUBLISHING-CO.-NEW-YORK



With groans and sighs and dizzied eyes
He seeks the couch and downward lies
Nausea and faintness in him rise,
Brow-racking pains assail him.
Sick headache! But ere long comes ease
His stomach settles into peace.
Within his head the throbbings cease—
Pierce's Pellets never fail him.

NOR will they fail anyone such a predicament. sufferers from sick headache, dyspepsia, biliousness and constipation, they are alike friend in need and a friend indeed."

Assist Nature a little now and then in removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels and you thereby avoid a multitude of distressing derangements and diseases, and will have less frequent need for your doctor's services.

Of all known agents for this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best. Their secondary effect is to keep the bowels open and regular, not to further constipate, as is the case with other pills.

YOU DON'T BECOME A SLAVE TO THEIR USE

as with other pills. Their help lasts.

No care is required while using them; they do not interfere with the diet, habits, occupation, and produce no pain, griping or shock to the system. They act in a mild, easy and natural way.

The "Pellets" are composed of the purest, concentrated vegetable extracts. Forty to forty-four are put up in each glass vial, as sold through druggists, and can be had at the price of the more ordinary and cheaper made pills.

❖ DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS CURE ❖

biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heart-burn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. In proof of their superior excellence, it can be truthfully said, that they are always adopted as a household remedy after the first trial. Put up in glass vials, therefore always fresh and reliable. One little "Pellet" is a laxative, two are mildly cathartic. They are tiny sugar-coated granules; any child will readily take them.

Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be "just as good." It may be better for the dealer, because of paying him a better profit, but he is not the one who needs help.

Cures Constipation.

DR. PIERCE: BETZER, HILLSDALE CO., MICH.

Dear Sir—I used your "Pleasant Pellets" and derived so much benefit from them that I have a bottle on hand ever since. My general health is greatly improved. For constipation, they are just what I needed. I can recommend them to all suffering from that condition.

Yours truly,

Lizzie Housman

Dyspepsia Cured.

WESTBORO, DICKEY CO., N. DAK.

Dear Friend—I was troubled with dyspepsia ten years, and got real bad last fall. I could eat no meat of any kind, or eggs. I took Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets all winter. Now I can eat a meal of anything that is put on the table, and feel good after it.

Yours truly,

Patrick McGowan



Let the men wash,
if they won't get you **Pearline**. Let them
try it for themselves, and see if they don't
say that washing with soap is too hard
for any woman.

This hard work that **Pearline**
saves isn't the whole matter; it saves
money, too—money that's thrown
away in clothes needlessly worn out
and rubbed to pieces when you wash
by main strength in the old way.
That appeals—where is the man who
wouldn't want to have the washing
made easier—when he can save money by it?

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you.
"this is as good as" or "the same as **Pearline**." IT'S
FALSE—**Pearline** is never peddled; if your grocer sends
you an imitation, be honest—*send it back.* **JAMES PYLE, New York.**

Millions NOW USE Pearline

Genuine **Pond's**

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ALL PAIN

INFLAMMATIONS

AND

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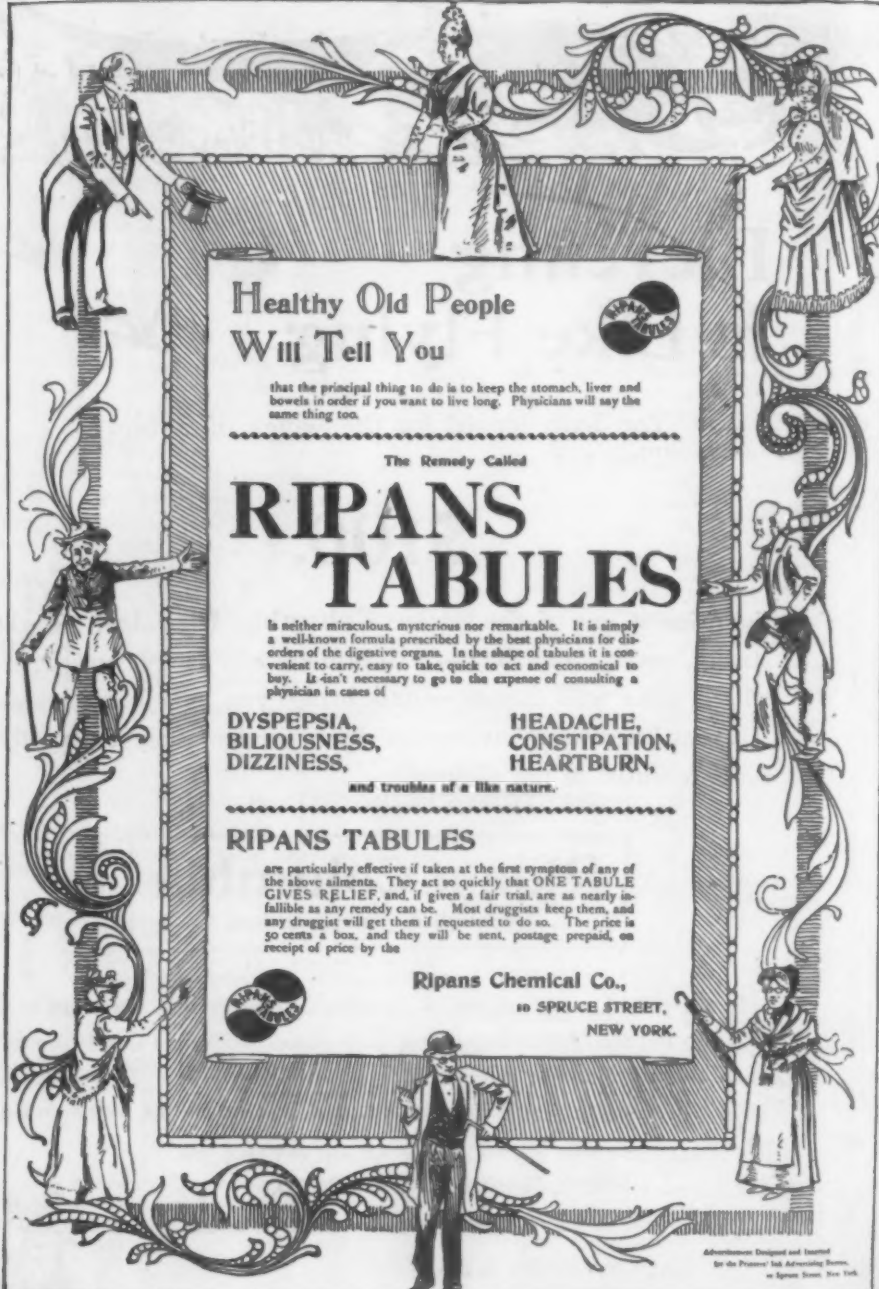
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are particularly effective if taken at the first symptom of any of the above ailments. They act so quickly that ONE TABULE GIVES RELIEF, and, if given a fair trial, are as nearly infallible as any remedy can be. Most druggists keep them, and any druggist will get them if requested to do so. The price is 50 cents a box, and they will be sent, postage prepaid, on receipt of price by the

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men make cheap imitations of the best articles; other unscrupulous men seek to palm them off on their customers as the genuine, for the sake of the additional profit made by the deceit. There are lots of imitations of Dobbins' Electric Soap. Every one of them will ruin and rot clothes. See that our name is on every wrapper.

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Successors to I. L. Cragin & Co.,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

To Mr. W. C. Anderson.

SINGING AND SIGHING!

SONG AND CHORUS.

As Published by Sep. Winner & Son., Phila., Pa.

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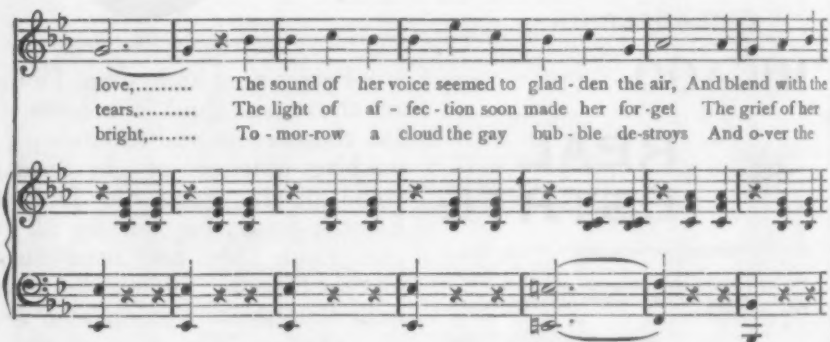
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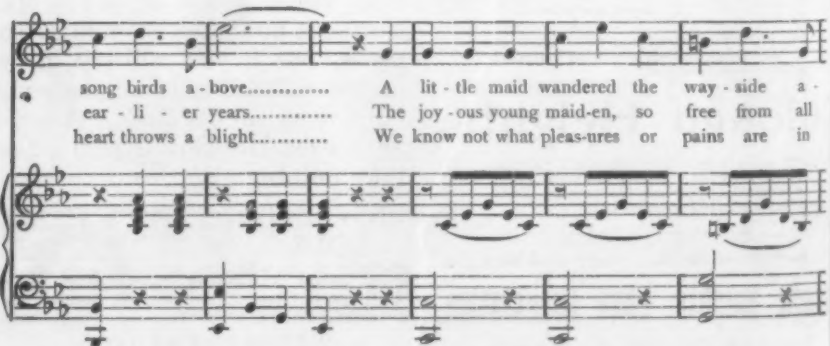


1. A lit - tle maid sang in a gar - den so fair, Sang sweetly a car - ol of
2. The maid of the way - side a true lov - er met, And sweet, sunny smiles dried her
3. And so runs the world with its sor - row and joys; To-day all is hope-ful and

Piano.



love,..... The sound of her voice seemed to glad - den the air, And blend with the
tears,..... The light of af - fec - tion soon made her for - get The grief of her
bright,..... To - mor - row a cloud the gay bab - ble de - stroy - s And o - ver the



song birds a - bove..... A lit - tle maid wandered the way - side a -
ear - li - er years..... The joy - ous young maid - en, so free from all
heart throws a blight..... We know not what pleas - ures or pains are in

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SINGING AND SIGHING!

long; A sigh was her sad heart's re - frain,..... She lin - gered to
 care; Who car - oled her song to the breeze,..... Now sighs in a
 store; Some lin - ger and some pass us by,..... In sun - shine and

cres.

rest as she heard the sweet song; All wea - ry with sor - row and pain.....
 gar - ret in want and de - spair; And sad are the days that she sees.....
 shad - ow we dwell ev - er - more—Yes, dwell but to sing and to sigh.....

rall.

Chorus. *A tempo.*

There's singing, there's sighing wherever we go, The heart has its joy, the heart has its woe; The

poco rit. f p
 smile and the tear to each oth - er are near, There's singing, there's sighing wher - er we go!

f p

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LATEST PARIS FASHIONS—ARTHUR'S

FOR DESCRIPTIONS SEE



R'S HOME MAGAZINE, APRIL, 1895

S SEE PAGE 374.



STERILIZED MILK is the only safeguard against the many diseases insidiously promulgated by ordinary milk. You may rest assured that the contents of every can of Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream are thoroughly sterilized.

SPECIAL RATE—Our readers should remember that we have a special rate (see page 2 of this issue) for those who desire to send in their subscriptions to this publication together. The rate is low, and by getting several of your friends to send with you each may save something.

SEND your full name and address to Dobbins' Soap Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa., by return mail, and get, *free from all cost*, a coupon worth several dollars if used by you to its full advantage. Don't delay. This is worthy attention.

OUR FASHION PLATE—We regret that we are unable to present the lithograph colored plate of fashions announced to appear in this issue. The process of printing a plate in six colors requires considerable time and the lithographer was unable to complete it in season for this issue. We were therefore obliged to use a plate by another process and print in one color. The lithograph plates promised will appear in early issues.

IN a recent article on Coffee and Cocoa, the eminent German Chemist, Professor Stutzer, speaking of the Dutch process of preparing cocoa by the addition of potash, and of the process common in Germany in which ammonia is added, says: "The only result of these processes is to make the liquid appear turbid to the eye of

the consumer, without effecting a real solution of the Cocoa substances. This artificial manipulation for the purpose of so-called solubility is, therefore, more or less inspired by deception, and always takes place at the cost of purity, pleasant taste, useful action, and aromatic flavor. The treatment of Cocoa by such chemical means is entirely objectionable.

Cocoa treated with potash or ammonia would be entirely unsalable but for the supplementary addition of artificial flavors by which a poor substitute for the aroma driven out into the air is offered to the consumer." The delicious Breakfast Cocoa made by Walter Baker & Co., of Dorchester, Mass., is absolutely pure and soluble. No chemicals, or dyes, or artificial flavors are used in it.

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OUR NEW ADDRESS.—The attention of all interested is called to the change in the office of ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE. Hereafter our main city office will be New York (see address on page 2 of this issue), the Philadelphia office being abandoned. We retain the business office at Asbury Park, N. J., where we own and operate an extensive printing plant—the largest with but one exception in the State of New Jersey—and where all of the mechanical work incident to the manufacture of this magazine is done.

OUR ADVERTISERS—We believe that all the advertisements in this magazine are from reliable business men, and do not intentionally or knowingly insert advertisements from any but reliable people. If subscribers find any of them otherwise, we should be glad to be advised of it.



LATEST PARIS FASHIONS—ARTHUR

FOR DESCRIPTION



ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, APRIL, 1895

SCRIPTIONS SEE PAGE 374.